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"ALL IS AT STAKE"

In his dispositions against the Allied offensive in Italy Field Marshal Kesselring, acting (we may be sure) under orders from the Führer's Headquarters, pursued a policy which will repay close scrutiny for its possible bearing on events yet to come. For the first time in this war a German commander who had room to manœuvre—an opportunity denied by the sea to von Arnim at Tunis—appears deliberately to have abandoned the much-publicised tactics of the "elastic defensive"—that is, withdrawing advanced elements before they become too heavily engaged, and then launching a massive counter-attack with carefully husbanded reserves if vital ground has been temporarily lost. "All is at stake," Kesselring told his troops in an Order of the Day which has fallen into the Allies' hands; the 10th and 14th Armies, south of Rome, and the group of divisions defending the Genoese littoral were all enjoined in the Order to hold fast where they stood.

The course of the battle shows clearly that this was indeed Kesselring's intention, and that he was ready to run serious risks in its pursuit. Compelled at the outset to devote his best divisions to stemming the Allied thrust in the Liri Valley, he found his right wing, nearer the sea, flung back. He reinforced it. Ignoring the obvious threat to his rear created by the presence of substantial Allied forces in the Nettuno bridgehead, he committed all his reserve divisions from the area round Rome in an endeavour to shore up the crumbling front from Monte Cairo to Terracina. He even summoned one division from Istria. Then, when General Alexander unloosed, as expected, the attack from the bridgehead—an attack whose progress soon began to menace the enemy's main communications—the German commander's reaction was to bring further substantial reinforcements from north-west Italy in an endeavour, at all costs, to prevent the Allies' striking across the Campagna and straddling the highways which run east from Rome to Valmontone and Tivoli. If that occurred, he must now have realised his main army—battered and driven already from one defensive position to another—would have no option but to retreat, away from Rome, along the difficult mountain roads of the Apennines.

That was the risk which Kesselring chose to run, with what final results we have yet to learn: the battle now being waged round the Alban Hills has still to reach its issue. The point of immediate interest is to speculate why he staked so heavily on his ability to stand fast. The ground, it is true, was of his own choosing and strongly prepared; he may have underrated the Allies' striking power; his inferiority in the air may even have led him to conclude that "positional" defence, rather than a battle of movement, offered him advantages. But, over and above these considerations, it is surely arguable that he was acting in accordance with a general direction from the High Command: "the war must not approach the Reich more nearly; on every front the available divisions, to supplement which a strategic reserve no longer exists, must stand fast; on the present periphery the line must hold until it snaps."

If that reading be correct, we may expect to see this year, on both the Eastern and the Western Fronts, an unwontedly rigid German defensive. To break it may be formidable; but once broken, it may disintegrate more quickly than would a system planned and organised to yield elastically and rebound.

Quis Custodiet?

Recent reports from New York suggest that Mr Cordell Hull has succeeded in getting from the Senators of both parties whom he consulted about his scheme for the creation of a World Authority, a degree of assent that permits him to go ahead. Since there seems to be little danger of repudiation by the Senate, he will now lay his project before the governments of the other Great Powers. Mr. Hull's scheme, some say, concentrates all executive power in the Council of the Authority, which will consist solely of the Big Four—the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R. and the U.K., and China. It is good that an Asiatic Power should be included. But for the purpose of wielding military power and ensuring the world's safety, the logic of this arrangement is not obvious. The military forces of China will not be able to act outside her frontiers for some years to come, after she has built up a heavy industry. There are other Powers, notably France, which will attain this capacity much sooner. The other Powers will function only through the Assembly, whose rights and functions seem as yet nebulous. Is it to be more than a consultative body?

It may be that we know too little to pronounce a decided opinion about the schemes for a World Authority now under consideration. But whether they come from Mr. Hull, from Mr. Churchill or from Mr. Eden they seem to recognise the possession of military power and nothing else as a valid title to govern the earth. The future rulers of mankind will be—with what checks and safeguards is not yet clear—the heads of the American, Russian and British Governments. Mr. Eden added a hardly less disturbing touch to the picture. The primary purpose of the World Authority will be, as he sketched it, to control Germany and Japan. A less constructive or creative way of conceiving its purpose could hardly be imagined. After the total defeat which opinion in the United Nations demands, will a disarmed Germany and Japan still be such a threat to mankind, at all events for the first fifteen or twenty years, that we must distort the World Authority by regarding it as a permanent alliance against our ex-enemies? This conception also suggests that any idea of bringing them eventually into a co-operative relationship has been abandoned, or at least postponed to a future so distant that it no longer concerns us. It will not be possible to run the economic life of Europe without considering the Germans both as producers and as consumers. But the question that may vex the lesser Powers even more sharply turns on the omnipotence of the Big Three. Who is to control them?

No official answer was conceded in the Foreign Office debate to the various members, most of them Tories, who advocated some form of European Federation. The crucial question is now more than ever: How much of Europe? The idea of a European Commonwealth which

excludes both our Island and the Soviet Union has a growing number of partisans. It might render the world's balance of power less precarious, if it could be solidly established. The obstacles are only too obvious. The more popular idea seems, however, to be the formation of a Federation or Confederacy embracing with the United Kingdom all the Western and some of Central Europe. The assumption is that Eastern Europe is the sphere of interest of the Soviet Union. To which of the two would Germany fall? This is not a tranquil landscape to explore.

Poland: One Government or Two?

On what may be the eve of a resumed Soviet offensive into Poland the crisis in Polish affairs seems to have reached a new stage. Both the U.S.S.R. and the pro-Soviet Poles have begun to show fresh impatience with the Government in London. This is partly inspired, we suspect, by the internal difficulties which the Polish Government is now experiencing, but far more by the Russian need to discover some organisation which can co-operate with the Red Army and perhaps function as a provisional Government with popular backing. It is significant that Marshal Stalin last week received a delegation from the National Council of Poland, a body of which we as yet know little, but which has already been greeted by the Moscow Union of Polish Patriots as "representative of the nation." At the same time *Izvestia* has resumed its attacks on the Sosnkowski clique for preferring to spend its time in political intrigue rather than in aiding the fight against Hitler. At this stage we cannot tell whether this is a prelude to the constitution of some rival authority to the Polish Government or whether it is merely another way of putting pressure upon the London Poles. However, as Stalin must have some political authority with which to deal and there is little likelihood that he will find it in London, it would be unwise to assume that he has not already made up his mind to some quite distinct course of action. There are real dangers in this situation. Difficulties between London and Moscow are more likely over the Polish question than over any other, and a situation might develop where two rival Governments, each backed by a powerful ally, would dispute the claim to authority in liberated Poland. The best solution would be a reorganisation of the Polish Government here which would exclude the more virulent anti-Soviet elements and embrace some of the Poles to whom Moscow has given its blessing. If the Soviet and British Governments can put aside prejudice and suspicion and endeavour to reach some agreement amongst themselves upon the character of the Government which they would be prepared to recognise, it would not be difficult for them to secure the necessary changes.

Greek Difficulties

The inspired optimism which greeted the conclusion of the Greek Unity Conference in the Lebanon seems to have been a little premature. Mr Papandreou has begun to form the Government of National Unity upon which agreement was reached. But to judge from the distribution of portfolios which has so far taken place, it seems that the new government is little more than a re-shuffle of the old personnel. So far the resistance organisations and the guerrilla forces have received no representation. The excuse is that they have not yet decided upon representatives; but the most important posts have already been allocated; and when the resistance representatives are nominated, they can only occupy secondary positions. The new Ministers already chosen, apart from M. Venizelos, represent the most Conservative elements in Greek politics, and cannot be said to be particularly able representatives of them. It is clear that some hitch has developed between Mr. Papandreou and the resistance movement. During the Conference its delegates were subjected to strict supervision and were prevented from communicating with their supporters either in Greece or in the Middle East. It is possible that on returning they found that during the discussions they had not been allowed to gather a fair or adequate picture either of the political situation in the Middle East or the extent of their support abroad. Especially they seem to have been misinformed on the recent mutinies. If they had received more accurate information, their attitude at the Conference would have been much stiffer and probably they would have insisted on a more honest explanation of the causes and perhaps of the provocation of these mutinies. In the circumstances it appears unlikely that the formation of the Government will be a straightforward process, and Mr. Papandreou may have to alter his plans for the distribution of Ministerial posts. The resistance movement will hardly be willing to accept posts which are really little more than nominal.

Postponed

Whit week is usually Congress Week for a large number of bodies and movements; but this year, in deference to the Government's views about railway travel, most of the Conferences have had to be postponed. The outstanding victim is the Co-operative Congress, which has never missed before since the present series of Congresses began in 1869. This year's gathering would have been of special importance, because this is the Co-operative Movement's centenary year, celebrating the foundation in 1844 of the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers. In addition to celebrating its centenary, the Co-operative Movement would have been debating important projects of reorganisation with a view to consolidating its position after the war. There are plans for the amalgamation of the English and Scottish Wholesale Societies, for a reorganisation of the machinery of the Co-operative Union, for the foundation of a new Co-operative College on a big scale, and for closer collaboration between neighbouring retail societies for the extension of trade into new fields. The *Daily Express* has just lately been running a particularly violent campaign against the "Co-ops", claiming to be the friend of the small traders in opposing their growth. The real battle, however, is much more between the "Co-ops" and the big chain and multiple stores and also between the "Co-ops" and the monopolistic producers of proprietary articles. The Co-operative Societies, with their nine million trading members, do not need to be much afraid of the *Express* and its stunts; but they are beginning to realise that in many respects their methods need bringing up to date if they are to accommodate themselves to changing currents of consumers' demand. In the food trades they have done well; but nowadays a decreasing proportion of income is spent on food, and Co-operation can maintain its influence only by conquering new fields of supply.

Hoity Toity

It is to be hoped that Sir Walter Citrine will get back from America in time to prevent the Trades Union Congress General Council from making a complete fool of itself. In his absence, it has joined the hue and cry against Mr. Aneurin Bevan for his action over Regulation 1AA. The T.U.C.'s principal grievance is not, apparently, that Mr. Bevan opposed the regulation after the T.U.C. leaders had been consulted about it, but that he said some rude things about them in public. For this offence, the T.U.C. is reporting him to the Miners' Federation—though his own section of it, the South Wales Miners, appear to agree with his view—and is also demanding a joint meeting with the Labour Party Executive and the Administrative Committee of the Parliamentary Labour Party to discuss disciplinary action. With what object? Is it to be made a punishable offence to criticise the leadership of the Trade Unions? Is the Labour Party so much an appendage of Trade Unionism that the T.U.C. can claim disciplinary authority over its members? If so, the Labour Party will stand a pretty poor chance of becoming the Government; and the Trade Unions, instead of constituting themselves the rallying point for progressive opinion, will find that they have isolated themselves from the main body of public opinion. There may be a case for Regulation 1AA, though we doubt it. There is assuredly no case for making opposition to it, or criticism of those who support it, a political crime. Nor do we believe that the general run of Trade Unionists are behind the T.U.C. either in supporting the regulation or waging war upon those Labour Members of Parliament who are not prepared to take their marching orders unquestionably either from Downing Street or from Transport House.

PARLIAMENT: Gloss By Eden

It is commonly (and correctly) said that major general debates such as that on Foreign Affairs are less good, as debates, that those on particular issues. Certainly the Foreign Affairs debate was discursive, inchoate, and inconclusive compared with, for instance, the minor but important "clean milk" debate on the previous Friday. Eden's winding-up of the Foreign debate followed familiar and expected lines. He seemed to yield an inch or two to the Algiers recognitionists, though this passage was guarded and obscure. The Prime Minister had said that we could not recognise the Committee "even as the provisional Government of France"; Eden now said, "We have dealt with the French Committee not only as if they were the Government in the territory where their writ runs already, but we are also dealing with them in matters which concern the metropolitan territory of France." . . .

He gave this strong denial of "German propaganda" suggestions of an agreement on European spheres of influence between Britain and Russia: "That is absolutely and categorically untrue. I would like to go further. In the first place, no arrangement of such a kind has been come to. In the second place, no arrangement of such a kind was suggested to us. In the third place, if anybody had suggested such an arrangement to us, we would not have agreed to it. Otherwise the report is approximately accurate!"

Eden also defended Leeper, Ambassador to the Cairo Greeks, against an indictment by the usually mild John Parker, who said Leeper "had an anti-Bolshevik bug"; it was refreshing to hear such an infection publicly disapproved from the Labour Front Bench. Parker (quoting Gladstonian precedent) also proposed that Cyprus and the Dodecanese be given to Greece (subject to our retention of bases). A moving and vivid little speech came from a rarely-heard rank-and-file Tory, Wing-Commander Roland Robinson, who had left Italy only two days before and gave some first-hand impressions of Tito's partisans. "Two boys about 12 years old," he said, "went out to one of the islands, and they came back next morning with two German officers as their prisoners." Straight-from-the-front surprise interventions of this kind help from time to time to rejuvenate the aged Parliament.

On the Whitsun Adjournment, Winterton initiated an interesting debate on Parliamentary Procedure; he proposed to set up a Standing Committee to review proposals for amending Standing Orders, so that procedure might be more adaptable to changed circumstances. It was strange to hear both Winterton and Aneurin Bevan hotly insisting that, for instance, the present practice, by which Black Rod can interrupt a Member's speech to summon the House to Another Place for the formality of the Royal Assent, was an inconvenient archaism and (cried Winterton) "intolerable . . . mummery." Bevan also tried to resuscitate the Treaty-making powers of the House. Ernest Brown answered somewhat perfunctorily.

PONTIFEX MINOR

FULL EMPLOYMENT

It would be most interesting, if men's lives and futures were not at stake, to watch what would happen as the Government put into operation the various projects outlined in its White Paper on Employment Policy. If the policy there put forward were to succeed, it would prove that Socialists have been wrong all the time in proclaiming that recurrent crises and severe unemployment are inherent faults of the capitalist system, not to be eradicated by any choices which capitalism can resort to without self-destruction. For here we have the whole bag of tricks in orderly display—all the measures which the more progressive economists have been urging in recent years, to the extent to which they are compatible with a complete retention of the profit-making system in every part of the nation's economic life. Maintenance of the level of investment, maintenance of conserving power, maintenance of the national income as a whole, counter-cyclical public works, low interest rates and abundant credit, budgets unbalanced in case of need, controlled location of industry, a central statistical office and annual Census of Production—here they all are, neatly set out under the authority of the Ministry of Reconstruction in a manner to warm the hearts of diligent professional economists who in quite a few years have found themselves translated from the humbler pulpits of economic nonconformity to episcopal thrones. Here they all are—at any rate in words; and the great question is will they work when they are converted from equations into practical programmes which Governments, business leaders, Trade Unions—in short, all of us—will be called on to help in carrying out?

The Government is evidently not quite so confident as those who have been its champions on this occasion; for the preface to the White Paper strikes a distinctly more cautious note than the paper itself. The Government is confident *if* . . . well, in effect, if the rest of the world plays up, so that full employment is proved as a world-wide wish and not merely as a British national policy. If not, it is less confident, because of our large dependence on exports to pay for necessary imports, and of the difficulty of switching over, if the rest of the world or any large part of it has a slump, to a mere self-contained policy. There is great emphasis, both in the preface and in the main text, on the vital importance of exports and of a high level of world prosperity. This emphasis is sound enough in itself; for plainly our post-war tasks will be greatly eased if we are living in an expanding economic world. But we had understood that one of the main claims of the advantages of a full employment policy was that it could be used to maintain prosperity here even in face of depression abroad; and it is a little damping to be met at the outset with the following conditional sentence. "If . . . the necessary expansion of our external trade can be assured, the Government believe that widespread unemployment in this country can be prevented by a policy for maintaining total internal expenditure." No doubt it can; but what we want to know even more is whether it can be prevented if the condition is not satisfied: on that point, the Government has chosen to hedge.

In the White Paper itself, as distinct from the preface, the emphasis is on maintaining the level of total expenditure, mainly by keeping up investment when it threatens to flag, and only secondarily by keeping up consuming power. Great stress is laid on the importance of public works as a balancing factor, though it is admitted that many of the most obvious types of public work, especially housing and other building, will be difficult to use in this way for a long time to come because of the urgent demand for as much of them as we can supply in good and bad times alike. There is no suggestion at all that the sphere of public works may need to be widened so as to give the policy a more decisive influence; and the proposals for controlling, or rather influencing (for control does not seem to be contemplated) the course and level of private investment are of the vaguest and most tentative. So are the proposals for influencing—again "controlling" would be an inappropriate word—the location of industry, in relation to which the White Paper suggests no more than a larger practice of the methods which produced so little effect before the war. Incidentally, it is categorically stated that the Government means to sell or leave to private enterprise the surplus war factories, and does not intend to operate any of them itself—for such purposes as the manufacture of housing requisites; and it seems also to be clear from the White Paper that Government intervention in such matters as location is meant to be confined to areas in which a threat of serious depression exists.

The White Paper, in effect, proceeds from start to finish on the assumption of a complete return to pre-war capitalism, without even the smallest infusion of Socialism at any point. It assumes that, if the State takes steps to ensure an expansionist financial policy, accompanied by an enlarged public works programme of the traditional kind, and reinforced in case of need by revisions of contributions and taxes and other secondary measures for checking the pull of spendable incomes in bad times, private enterprise, under the stimulus of the profit motive, will do the rest. It is, indeed, recognised in one paragraph that this will not happen unless industry throws off its growing habit of restrictive monopoly practices. But the conclusion on this point is hesitant. "The Government will seek power to inform themselves of the extent and effect of restrictive agreements, and of the activities of combines; and to take appropriate action to check practices which may bring advantages to sectional producing interests but work to the detriment of the country as a whole. What "appropriate action"? We are not told.

The White Paper is much more definite when it gets on to the subject of wages. "Action taken by the Government to maintain expenditure will be fruitless unless wages and prices are kept reasonably stable." The entire passage which follows suggests that the Government has in mind a situation in which the relative shares of capital and labour in the products of industry will remain as they have been. It is, of course, quite true that if workers could get any wages they liked to ask for, inflation would result, and that, under the profit-making system, there are narrow limits to the power of labour to improve its position relatively to capital in the distribution of the national income. The insistence on wage stability fits in quite logically with the rest of the White Paper: it is all part of the policy which regards full employment as an instrument for saving capitalism and dismisses any fear of full employment policy that would at all limit the scope of profit-making. The workers, however, while they are to rest content with their relative share in the product, "must examine their trade practices and customs to ensure that they do not constitute a serious impediment to an expansionist economy and so defeat the object of a full employment programme." Quite, quite; but will the workers, in doing this, be quite so ready as the authors of the White Paper seem to suppose to accept the existing distribution of incomes as the last word?

The White Paper deals, not only with full employment as a long-run policy, but also with measures of transition. It asserts, we think correctly, that "there will be no problem of general unemployment in the years immediately after the end of the war in Europe." There will be temporary dislocation, no doubt; but there will be so many urgent demands to be met that the main problem will be scarcity, not redundancy, of labour as of most other things. There are satisfactory passages about the need for the continuance of controls and of rationing during this emergency period, in order to assure that first needs get attended to first. Nearly all this section of the White Paper is unexceptionable, though it is too general to throw any light on the Government's intention in any particular field.

The full employment policy outlined in the main part of the White Paper is, then, a policy not for to-morrow, but in the main for a period in the indefinite future when the transition period is at an end. It is, in other words, a policy to which the present Government, so far as it pledges anybody, pledges its successors rather than itself; for it can hardly be supposed that the present Coalition, even if it were to outlast the war, would outlast the post-war transition as well. Governments, however, can in effect pledge their successors only by having Acts of Parliament which those successors will find it difficult to repeal—or, of course, in the international field, by entering into obligations from which their successors will find it difficult to retreat. How much of either of these kinds of obligation does the White Paper involve? The answer is, Practically nothing. The White Paper, says the preface to it, "is not primarily an outline of projected legislation. For employment cannot be created by Act of Parliament or by Government action alone." And again, "the success of the policy outlined in this Paper will ultimately depend on the understanding and support of the community as a whole—and especially on the efforts of employers and workers in industry." Precisely: the whole idea behind the White Paper is that the Government will provide a framework within which industry *can* act to maintain full employment, within which bankers *can* follow an expansive policy, and within which Trade Unions *can* reconcile themselves to the continuance of the capitalist system, as long as they share, proportionally with the owner of capital, in the benefits of expansion. But is there any assurance that employers, or bankers, or Trade Unions will behave in this way, or even that a different Government will act on the admirable sentiments of the White Paper when the time for action comes? There are hints here and there of legislation to come, or at all events that the Government is thinking about the possibilities of legislation. But these hints are all quite vague; and there is not so much as a hint that any action may be necessary to ensure the compliance of the banks with the new policy that is laid down, though in past crises, banks, like Governments, have always behaved in a precisely opposite way. There is hardly a hint that it may be difficult to persuade local authorities to increase their spending in times of depression, whereas in the past they have always cut it down. In short, the theoretical exposition of what ought to be done runs an immense way ahead of any means—and still further of any pledged means—or seeing that it is done.

We are left, then, with a very mixed feeling. On the one hand, the theoretical doctrine of the White Paper is a tremendous advance on the principles which Governments have proclaimed in the past, and amount to a complete repudiation of the old "Treasury" dogmas of deflationism and hostility to public works. But on the other hand the practical measures proposed are hazy and seem, even liberally interpreted, much too weak to stand the strain of what is promised of them. *If* the banks play up thoroughly; *if* employers abandon restrictive monopoly and take to investing optimistically when a slump threatens; *if* Trade Unions abandon all restrictive practices and rest content with the continuance of the existing relative distribution of incomes; and *if* we get big foreign markets and the world as a whole agrees to play ball—*if* all these things occur, all may be well. But if not . . . ?

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THE PUPPETS OF EAST ASIA

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FROM Inner Mongolia to Burma, Japan is now operating no fewer than six major puppet states in her East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, along with a number of second-rate sideshows. In November, 1943, some of these puppet stars gave a command performance in Tokio when the Greater East Asia Conference convened. Under the skilful direction of Premier Tojo, the *dramatis personae* included Premier Wang Ching-wei of occupied China, Premier Chang Ching-hui of Manchukuo, Prince Varnvaidya Voravarn (understudying for Premier Bipul Songgram) of Thailand, President José Laurel of the Philippines, Premier Ba Maw of Burma and Subhas Chandra Bose, President of the Provisional Government of Free India, with headquarters in Rangoon.

Japan's puppets have been drawn from three classes: the political malcontent, embittered toward his former government, who welcomes any opportunity to gain power; the desperate nationalist leader, often discovered as a political exile and given assistance or a haven; and finally, what might be called the made-in-Japan puppet, the young student educated in Japan who contracts what to Asiatics is the most contagious of all Japanese maladies—pan-Asianism. In recent decades political conditions in Asia have enabled Japan to exploit all these sources.

Of special interest is the technique by which the puppets are "contacted" and groomed for their roles on the Greater East Asia stage. Here is where the Japanese "talent scout" steps in. Sometimes he is a Japanese Army officer or Government official, working either overtly or under cover in some troubled corner of Asia. Again, the talent scout may be a business man with official connections.

The dean of all Japanese talent scouts is the aged nationalist and mystic, Mitsuru Toyama. Personally, or through at least ten different patriotic societies with which he has been affiliated, Toyama has come in contact with almost every potentially important puppet in Asia. His modest Tokio home has for the past thirty years been open to all Asiatic visitors—officials, students and exiles. Not all these visitors became Japanese puppets and stooges. Dr. Sun Yat-sen and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, for example, once discussed the problems of Asia with Toyama in the soft-matted rooms of his house. But most of the visitors were desperate exiles seeking a Japanese refuge and Toyama's protection.

The Manchurian venture which began in 1931 has unquestionably been the most successful of all Japanese puppet shows. Here the Japanese enjoyed unusual advantages. The Three Eastern Provinces were the ancestral home of a non-Chinese dynasty, the Manchus. The influence of the Kuomintang had not penetrated deeply into this area, which harboured strong provincial jealousies and prejudices toward the more radical element from the south and the new Nanking Government.

At the top of the list was Henry Pu Yi, last of the Manchu Dynasty of China, who had lived in exile in the Japanese Concession in Tientsin until 1933 when he was brought to Hsinking to head the new state of Manchukuo. Here was a *bona fide* potentate, second-hand and shopworn to be sure, but nevertheless a real Emperor who owed his very existence to the Japanese.

The real Quisling of Manchuria, however, is the little-publicised Mukden lawyer, Dr. Chao Hsin-po. Chao has all the qualifications of a good puppet—an itching palm, a precarious career, a thorough knowledge of the local situation and a mercenary affection for the Japanese. His final reward has been the presidency of the Legislative Yuan.

In North China, puppets were drawn almost exclusively from former officials of the Manchu regime and older leaders who had been displaced by the younger element in the Kuomintang.

In Central China the Japanese have been less successful with their puppets, perhaps because this area has been too long under Kuomintang influence. Nevertheless, in Wang Ching-wei the Japanese found an able collaborationist. Wang's puzzling defection from Chungking is best explained by his dread of Chiang Kai-shek's entente with the Communists and a misplaced faith in Japanese pan-Asianism which he inherited in part from his former mentor, Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Wang, who is a graduate of Hosei University in Tokio, has long had friends in high Japanese circles.

Japanese activity in Burma, which finally culminated in the regime of Dr. Ba Maw, exploited two powerful forces—the Burmese nationalist movement and Buddhism. The modern independence movement in Burma dates from 1915 when U Ottama, a Buddhist priest, returned from three years' study in Japan, where, under the influence of Kozui Otani, he had become convinced that Japan should serve as a model for all Asiatic countries. He organised a Buddhist Young Men's Society as a basis for a new nationalist movement, was imprisoned three times for his revolutionary activity and finally died at Rangoon in 1939. His colleague U Soten, one of the most anti-British and pro-Japanese of all Burmese nationalists—and his wife had also studied in Japan—organised the All-Burma Federation and a militant youth movement. He launched an independence party in 1937 and became Burma's first Premier under the new constitution. With the outbreak of war in Europe, Ba Maw and his followers began a non-co-operative movement which led to their arrest and imprisonment in August, 1940. When the Japanese Army invaded Burma in 1942, Ba Maw escaped from prison and joined the invaders.

The most colourful and potentially the most dangerous of all Japanese puppets is Subhas Chandra Bose, now head of the Provisional Government of Free India. Bose is no small-fry, run-of-the-mill puppet. The Japanese consider him "the greatest Indian leader outside of prison," and he undoubtedly commands considerable influence in India to-day. Formerly Mayor of Calcutta, he was twice elected President of the Indian National Congress, in 1938 and 1939. He has ten jail sentences to his credit and a goodly price on his head, which materially enhance his worth to the Japanese.

Japanese puppeteering is now a major industry, and the vast administrative machinery set up to deal with puppet regimes indicates the importance the Japanese attach to it. In 1942 all problems of political manipulation were concentrated in the newly established Greater East Asia Ministry, which marked the first step in transition from military administrations to puppet governments in the areas conquered after Pearl Harbour. The Japanese *gunsei*, or military administration, is a remarkable institution which had long been tested and perfected in Manchuria and China. Its primary purpose is to set up Japanese controls and prepare the ground for puppet regimes.

Details of Japanese military administration are directed by special Army units. The familiar "public peace and order societies," which seem to spring up spontaneously under local leaders, are the work of these special units. And so is the notorious "community responsibility system," which the Japanese introduced as a local control agency in occupied China. The special units manage local personnel in public offices, control the local police and eventually manipulate the puppets. They also regulate the banks, business houses and schools, and even the Japanese business men and carpet-baggers who swarm into the occupied areas are subject to their control. Under these units are a great number of propaganda squads, which control the press and radio and rove over the country with sound-trucks, moving picture projectors and printing presses, spreading the good word of the New Order. With their gaudy posters and clamorous broadcasts, the propaganda squads are the most conspicuous feature of a Japanese military administration.

Once this preparatory work leads to a puppet regime, the new government is officially "recognised" by Japan and there follows a ceremonious exchange of felicitations and envoys, one of the high civilian advisers usually becoming the Japanese Ambassador. But real power continues to reside in the Army's special units.

The puppet states are officially regarded as integral parts of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, or, more plainly speaking, parts of the new Japanese Empire. The unification programme has two distinct but complementary phases: first, the systematic eradication of Western languages and all forms of Western influence, along with a carefully controlled revival of native languages and cultures; and, second, the use of Japanese as a *lingua franca*, and a thorough indoctrination in Japanese political ideology. The Japanese are determined to have their puppet regimes follow closely the political pattern of Japan itself, even to regard for the Emperor as the divine source of all Asiatic unity and prosperity.

The Japanese puppet system now in operation throughout East Asia is no overnight creation, but the result of long and careful planning. It is doubtful, therefore, if the present regimes can merely be cast aside and forgotten once the Japanese are driven out. It takes two parties to stage a puppet show, the puppeteer and the puppet. Japan's long-range plans could never have been effectively put in force without the aid of many Asiatic leaders in high position and commanding some following. Yet the Japanese puppet system cannot be viewed solely as an indictment of the treason and conniving of certain Asiatic leaders. It is also a warning that pre-war conditions in many of these territories made such leaders willing to risk a desperate gamble with Japan.

CHARLES NELSON SPINKS

A LONDON DIARY

I WISH it were possible to show Mr. Churchil how much damage he has done by his eulogy of Franco last week. It could be said in excuse for the many mean things which Mr. Chamberlain thought it necessary to do, that he wanted above all to keep this country out of war. You had to forget, it seemed, the best traditions of Britain, pretend that your avowed enemies were your friends, and disown those who relied on you for help. Mr. Churchill has not this excuse. Britain to-day is strong and already at war. No reason now to speak fair words of the man who plunged his country into civil war and offered it as a target for the practice of Göring's bombers; no reason now to forget Franco's insults to Britain in her darkest hour and to cover up the use of the Blue Legion to fight our Ally in the east of Europe. Why not now say what we all know—that those who fought Fascism in Spain were the first volunteers in the war against Hitler? We should all do well to remember again that Franco is on record as saying that "if ever the Russians open the road to Berlin a million Spaniards would volunteer" to defend it. Is that a thing to forget from the head of a country which is even now the refuge of French fifth columnists and Fascists? Mr. Churchill must know how thickly they have congregated there. Recently I saw a European business man who had been in Spain in the same hotel as drunken French officers boasting of the day that would be theirs when they could kill the Jews in France and help Hitler in ending French democracy. Mr. Hull, watching the Falange at work under Franco in South America, understands better than Mr. Churchill that Fascism and democracy cannot live side by side.

* * *

One more word before I leave this lamentable and revealing outburst of Mr. Churchill. Perhaps he would not now recall how angry he was when Mr. Chamberlain suggested that cartoonists and newspapers ought not to criticise for fear of damaging foreign relations. To-day he is grace-

less enough to abuse cartoonists who make fun of Franco. He is thinking presumably, first of all of David Low, who played as big a role as any man in building in the public mind the picture of Mr. Churchill as the defender of a decent Britain. He says some of us think it "clever" to attack Franco. Clever? No, I've never thought it clever to know that the friends and allies of Hitler are not the friends of Britain. It does not need cleverness to know that moral and material disaster both come from what is called "appeasement"—a bad word for giving way on matters of vital principle in order to buy favours from those who despise you and what you stand for.

* * *

In last week's debate, one of the speeches that most usefully urged the importance—military as well as moral importance—of never letting ourselves forget that we are fighting Fascism and not just its German manifestation, and that we have allies whom we must co-operate with all over Europe, was made by Dick Acland. He was particularly strong on the story of Amgot in Sicily and Italy. What he said was true, I know, of Amgot at least for a period and in many districts. But he was too indiscriminate and somewhat out of date. He missed the fact that improvement came because it was necessary to find friends in Italy, because we and the Russians and Americans all had some good representatives there who gradually got things on to a better footing, and, most of all, because soldiers from the Mediterranean and newspapers and M.P.s together combined to create a public opinion which was effective. Amgot is no longer operating, and even before it wound up, great improvements had been made. I wish we could now get a reliable picture of Allied administration as a whole in Italy. The lessons that emerge clearly enough from the story as we know it, are (1) any occupied people will be the worse off for the arrival of liberating troops unless food and the requirements of the civil population have been given a high priority in the supplies to be landed. This follows inevitably on the withdrawal of the enemy's supplies and the destruction of communications involved in our advance and their retreat. (2) The good will of the liberated people will be lost if civilian supplies are delayed and a rate of exchange is arranged which enables the liberating troops to buy up the remaining stocks from the shops at what are for them cheap rates. In fact, liberating troops should be provided with what they need and not allowed to buy goods in the shops of occupied territory. (3) In no country can the administration be carried out except by nationals of the occupied country, whether it has been enemy, friendly or neutral. At most, the occupying Power can supervise for a time. (4) Grave scandals will occur inevitably unless it is laid down from the outset that local Fascists are not to be appointed to jobs because they are "available" and that the common people must be encouraged to choose independent leaders, even if at the cost of some inconvenience to the liberating commanders. Trade unions and political parties must be revived and freedom of discussion and meeting at once allowed. Democracy won't just occur easily and at once; it has to be the deliberate policy of the liberating Powers. There are many other lessons to be learnt from Italy, but these are the first.

* * *

An interesting letter from an officer recently described the mixed, but on the whole angry, feelings of his mess towards workers who went on strike. But his attitude was perfectly reasonable and he gave the impression that there was a fair comprehension of the miners' and workers' point of view. In the Cairo Parliament, about which we have heard a good deal, there was a sharp division of opinion on the matter; soldiers are only workers in uniform, and there was a ready disposition to realise that if standards were let down during the war the soldier, out of uniform, would be the sufferer after the war. An inquiry about the attitude of the American army shows a much worse state of affairs. Something like an anti-Labour feeling is generated by the exaggerated reports of strikes and "unrest" in the *Stars and Stripes* and other papers that usually come into the hands of the American overseas army. An American friend, whose opinions are by no means "left," tells me that the impression given of Labour "stabbing the army in the back" can be immediately countered by a plain statement of the facts, which show no unusual number of strikes. Actually the troops are delighted to be told the truth; they quickly realise, if they hear the truth, that the story given to them is so much "politics." It is a shockingly dangerous kind of politics. As a pilot officer recently from the U.S.A. said to me, "Could anything worse happen to a country than that the soldiers returning from overseas should believe that the workers at home have been stabbing them in the back—especially if it's all ballyhoo?"

* * *

A Common Wealth supporter recently was doing a little background canvassing for the Labour candidate. She reports the following conversation with a young mother with three children and a husband in the Forces. The mother said that she and her husband were both Labour supporters. "But it's no good," she added, "he can't vote only Conservative, can he? He's in the Army." When the canvasser expostulated, she repeated: "I don't think it's any good. He's really Labour, but he can't vote except Conservative in the Army!" What is the explanation? Just that the Army is popularly assumed to be "Conservative" like the Church and the King and the House of Lords and the Empire? More important, perhaps, are the letters I get (two of them have appeared in the Correspondence columns of this journal) which suggest that if there is an election, many of the soldiers may not realise they have a vote or what they have to do to get it. My correspondent describes a discussion in a social club where civilians and members of the Forces were both present. The warden was asked if the soldiers knew they could only vote by first filling in form B. 2626. He replied that he neither knew nor cared. This attitude may perhaps be explained in his case and in the case of many soldiers too, by the imminence of more immediately vital matters than elections. Voting may well sound remote to those who have to see hell and Berlin first. But the belief that there is an opportunity for the Forces to vote and to take part in determining the future of their country is a real factor in the morale of many soldiers, and one of the disturbing things, illustrated by ignorance about B. 2626, is the cynicism of the soldiers about what "They" mean to do in fooling the people "like last time."

* * *

Surprising how much damage those May frosts over the Channel did in our part of the world. The stone fruit crop completely destroyed round me. The plums are tiny black blobs littering the grass under the trees. Mr. Park says his prophecy about the number of frosts in May came right as usual. "As many frosts in May as there are in March except those that came in April." There were sixteen, according to his calculation, in March, and there were certainly a lot in the first half of May. As he is a bit hazy about the number in April, the rule remains uncontradicted.

* * *

Two Anglo-American stories. A farmer in a remote corner of southern England said, I'm sure in all good faith, "I gets on well. I like these Americans over here, but I somehow can't get along at all with the white fellows they've got along with them." The second is very simple. An Englishman, seeing a cheerful American, asked, "Why do you Americans all look so cheerful?" The American replied: "Well you see, we go back to the United States after this show. You have to stay on here."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Margaret S. Thompson.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Viscount Selborne (Minister of Economic Warfare) replied that the term "starving children" as applied to countries in Europe other than Greece in 1941, Poland, and occupied Russia was entirely misleading. "There is hunger, privation, malnutrition, and distress, but nothing that can be called starvation."—*The Scotsman.*

Saluting, so far from being a tribu'ation, is a pleasure, and, indeed, when in an exuberant mood I have frequently crossed the road simply to get near enough to a general to salute him.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

Nearly 3,000 people queued at Victoria Station, Manchester, for the 10.25 a.m. train to Blackpool, but only half of them were able to get seats. Many others who had decided on a holiday at home lined the barriers to watch.—*Sunday Graphic.*

Capitalism is, I suggest, an essentially peaceful way of life, and I submit that the facts of history support the suggestion.—*Sunday Sun.*

Exceptionally fine apple-green Silk Chiffon-velvet SUIT, with trousers trimmed coffee lace. —Advt. in *Times.*

My little girl may soon be going to a High School, and I dread the things she may hear there. Surely children could be taught the facts of childbirth without bringing in the father's part, until the age of, say, sixteen years. That would help to stop knowledge of sexual intercourse and discourage immorality among such young people.—Letter in the *Nursing Mirror.*

DISAPPOINTED

LIFE, some wise man has said, consists of one disappointment after another. Every baby is apparently disappointed with its first view of the planet called Earth, for, if it is healthy at the time of its birth, it utters a loud cry of disapprobation. As it grows older, it is frequently disappointed with its food and with its toys. One of the first instincts of every baby seems to be to throw its toys, one after the other, over the side of the perambulator. Why should it do this, if it were contented? How often have I spent a sunny afternoon picking up rubber dolls, swans, coloured bricks and ivory-handled bells from the grass, because an infant with the passion for perfection had pushed them over the edge as something not good enough for a descendant of our first, our once perfect, parents!

Not that my own memories of early childhood are memories of misery. Memory, as a rule, is an optimist, if one can use such a word about one's experiences in the past, and makes light of bygone gloom. So far as I can remember, the first disappointment I ever experienced in an acute form was with the behaviour of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden—behaviour that I even then knew, though not in the speech of Milton, brought death into the world and all our woe. Night after night I lay awake thinking bitter thoughts of a grown-up man and woman who could not resist temptation to eat a mere apple, though they knew it was the end of paradise on earth, not only for themselves, but for everybody else for all time to come, including my grandmother, my family, and me. I was fond of apples myself —especially of the Newtown pippins that arrived in a barrel every Christmas—but I felt that I would have abstained from apples for a lifetime rather than allow my greed to lead to the death of

a single human being. I may have been a little self-righteous, not having met the Serpent at the time; but, as my tears flowed in the darkness, I was certainly disappointed that Adam and Eve had not behaved as well as I thought I should have done in the same circumstances. Has any one ever really liked Adam and Eve? Even to-day, they, rather than Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, seem to be symbols of something eternally disappointing in human nature.

The next serious disappointment with which I was faced was in the matter of birthday and Christmas presents. These were all very well in nursery days, when I was given the horses that were my heart's desire; but, as I grew old enough to be given books, how often I was given the wrong book! The heart always sinks on being given the wrong present. I have seen an elderly Civil Servant, who had been bearded for thirty years, wearing a very long face when one of his oldest female relations presented him with a shaving-set on Christmas morning, saying, as she did so: "You shave, don't you?" On a child, getting the wrong book, the effect is still more disheartening. And book prizes at school can be even more depressing than books given as presents by one's relations. One of the first prizes I was awarded, I remember, was a beautifully bound book called *Our Public Schools*—a book about Eton and Harrow and such places, high-minded, I am sure—I never read it—but with no invitation in it for a schoolboy lover of stories and Rugby football. My next prize was an equally beautifully bound copy of Darwin's *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Agency of Worms*. I have been told that this is a masterpiece, but not, I am sure, for a boy of thirteen.

After that, one disappointment followed another. I was disappointed to find that I had no gift for games. I won them in day-dreams, but on the grass of reality I was little better than a burden to any side. As an addict of fairy-tales, I was also disappointed never to find riches descending on me in a miraculous shower, enabling me to live happily and without labour ever after. Such disappointments are, luckily, not heart-breaking. Even a small boy learns to resign himself not in entire cheerlessness to the second-best. If he cannot play games himself, he can venerate those who can. If fortune never comes to him in golden abundance, a second cousin may turn up with the gift of half a crown.

Possibly, if we got all we dreamed of, we should be still more disappointed than we are by our failure to get it. I, for example, longed for years to go to Rome; but, when at last I went to Rome, and drove through its streets, I wondered whether it was worth going so far to see a city so unworthy of its history. The disappointment, I may say, did not last; but famous spectacles do not always arouse at first sight the emotions we expected them to arouse. People used to think that Oscar Wilde was rather amusing when he said that he was disappointed with the Atlantic Ocean. To me this seems to be a straightforward confession of a disappointment that must have been experienced by thousands of people. The Atlantic Ocean to my mind looks its best from the shore; but, even when it is seen from the shore for the first time by someone who has lived till manhood in an inland county, it does not always come up to expectations. Its very bigness is against it. It is easier to see the charm of little Lake Louise in the Rocky Mountains at a first glance than to drink in the vast beauty of the Atlantic. In the same way I, for one, have never been disappointed in a hill, but have often been disappointed in a mountain. I cannot imagine how anyone could be disappointed in a first sight of Box Hill, but I can imagine without difficulty how almost any one might be disappointed in Everest. Mountains are undoubtedly impressive. But they have a kind of awful monotony that makes people like myself feel inimical to their beauty. I like reading about mountains, but, outside books, I prefer the pleasures of the plain.

Excessive fame in itself is, perhaps, an enemy of instant appreciation. Even to-day, in spite of Dr. Johnson's warning, there are people who are disappointed in the Giant's Causeway. It is a scene of rock and cliff and sea that, but for its prominence in the guide-books, would entrance any sight-seer. The headland shapes, the blue ocean with gannets, white as whitewashed cottages, diving into it—these alone, quite apart from its geological curiosity, make it one of the choice places of the earth. But, even so, it is not so wonderful as the visitor expects it to be. Few of the famous sights of the world are. In regard to nothing else, is it more nearly true to say that blessed is he who expects little, for he will not be disappointed.

These reflections, I may confess, had their origins in a contemporary disappointment of my own—disappointment with the recent Spring—Spring as it was before the Tropics spread to the Straits of Dover. Here we have a season, praised by all the poets, and if all they write of it is true, we should year after year live through it as happily as children at their first party. Yet again and again Spring betrays us, and, in spite of our knowing this, again and again we look forward to Spring as a prodigal season of colour and song, with the sun shining by day and the moon by night—of days and nights so magical that it seems a sin to sit for an unnecessary moment in the house or, indeed, to go to bed. Year after year, this dream fails to come true. In most years we are lucky if there are two moonlit nights so calm and mild that it is more of a pleasure than a punishment to be out of doors listening to the nightingale. This early May there were two such nights. I did not go out, but I saw them and listened to them through a bedroom window. The next night came the wind and the cold and cloudy skies that had not even the virtue of raining. Winter had returned, and life without fires and overcoats and eiderdowns became intolerable. The fruits of the earth were stillborn, the infant vegetables blighted. No multitude of bluebells could banish the depression. The chaffinch, boldest of the birds, sang his "rollicking song," as it has been called, but the heart did not rollick.

There must have been many Springs as niggardly of Springlike delights in the experience of us sexagenarians; but somehow we are always disappointed when Spring fails to be the perfect Spring of the poets and dreamers. Memory, like art, is a selector of beautiful and charming things, and deceives us into believing that the Springs of the past gave us almost uniformly a world of painted fields and choirs in the all but motionless trees. I can recall clearly no bad Spring from my childhood and very few bad Springs even in the last twenty years. The good days have blotted out the bad. One nightingale heard on a perfect day—one kingfisher with its brood diving into the stream on one sun-spangled afternoon—one wash of bluebells in a roadside wood to an accompaniment of sunshine and children's voices—these, and not chilling winds and stunted flowers and ruined fruit-crops, survive in the memory. The rest has disappeared like weeds consumed in a bonfire. We forget the disappointments and remember only the delights. Life in retrospect is, to our great good fortune, often better than life as it actually was.

For myself I ask little of Spring. I ask only that it will be warm enough to enable me to sit comfortably in a deck chair in a garden—that the chaffinches, the flycatchers and the whitethroat will return—that there will be a week of shining weather while the apple-trees are in blossom—that there will be a spell of clear moonlight nights—and that the world will be full of butterflies, not all of them white. This early May threequarters of these things were denied to me. Day after day broke so icily and continued so draughtily that, had it not been for necessity, I should seldom have ventured into the open air. This was certainly not the Spring of which we read in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. It was winter in a simulacrum of Spring's garment. No book that I was given in my boyhood ever disappointed me more than this. No doubt, twelve months hence I shall have forgotten the worst. Memory, that backward-looking optimist, will have been at work, and I shall remember chiefly the nightingale, the swallows and the lilacs. Thus shall I prepare myself for fresh disappointments, and there is a reasonably good chance that I shall get them.

Y. Y.

THE TYRANT

A FEW miles outside New Delhi, on an eminence in the plain, is the Qutab Minar. It is a tapering column, three hundred feet high, fluted, carved and storied, of red stone, some two hundred steps inside leading to its top. Since Lord Curzon's time its decay has been arrested, its satellite temples and tombs have been partly restored, and the whole has been surrounded by pleasant lawns, gardens and groves.

Major Macpherson had been ordered by his G.S.O.I. to take a day off, and he decided to bicycle out to the Minar. He was a young man, thirty-two, although his saturnine appearance passed him for forty. He was not a professional soldier, but an architect. His hearing had been temporarily damaged in a bombardment of Tobruk, and he was sent to fill an administrative vacancy under the Master General of the Ordnance in India.

This February morning he bicycled along past the Willingdon airfield with a feeling of elation. He liked his job, and he had devoted himself to it exclusively since his arrival in New Delhi. He was a shy man, and he took a long time to make friends. The social life of the capital offered him few attractions.

Now for the first time he took a look at the country. He forgot the folios and minutes and figures that he had mastered and that had mastered him. He felt his soul, that had hibernated so long, open like a bud.

On each side of the road, charged with its slow processions of bullock-carts, the plain was encrusted with decaying Moghul monuments. Tombs and chowkis capped each hillock, and rose from the green fields. In a group of trees one more symmetrical than the rest proved to be a weathered dome, or a broken-down, overgrown building. The ramps down which the bullocks walked to draw well-water were built with bricks from some khan's tomb, or a whole village sprang, like maggots in a carcass, from a ruined imperial armoury.

Macpherson felt an urgent need to know the history of this lost splendour. His eye for colour rejoiced at the yellows, reds and russets of a group of women working in a field of rich green. What were their names? What was the crop? What did they earn? What sort of songs did they sing?

When through the ancient trees the Minar reared before him, when he gratefully quit his bicycle saddle and walked into the gardens, when he had inspected the remarkable mixtures of Hindu and Moghul architectures there, when, finally, having climbed the dark, long stairway, the sunlit plain spread itself before him, with its still trees and villages and flashes of movement, then Macpherson became drunk with joy. Alcohol acts easily on a system unused to it, and so does beauty.

In the gardens, two hundred feet below, sat Kundan Lal Chardha, a twenty-year-old sub-editor on a Delhi daily. He was with two other men, one his cousin, one a fellow journalist on a visit from Bihar. Between them on the grass they had a three-decker tiffin carrier containing rice, chapattis and curried goat. They had come out by tonga, and they had had a row with the driver over the fare, not because they were mean, but because they were poor. The pleasure of the outing was at the moment overshadowed by the man's abuse.

Kundan Lal was the leader of the group, not only because of his superior intelligence and

eloquence, but because he had two brothers in prison for their devotion to what they held to be their country's welfare. Kundan Lal often said that he would join them in their honourable incarceration were he not now the sole support of his own family as well as of theirs.

"I think we would have given the son of an ass more," he was saying of the tonga driver, "if he had not so stupidly given way at that roundabout to the American car. What right has one vehicle, brothers, to force itself past another, purely because it makes a louder noise?"

It was a quarter past one. Major Macpherson came out from the Minar and walked slowly towards the building where he had parked his bicycle. As he passed the young men on the grass he half smiled at them, and then, from shyness, looked quickly away.

"I suppose he expects us to jump up and salute him," said Kundan Lal.

"Now, let us study that man, the ruler of this country," he continued. "First, he cannot speak a word of our languages. If the notices were not in English, and in the simplest English at that, he would know nothing of the history of this place. He is asking for lunch, and of course he wants steak and chips. See, he is sitting on the verandah of the restaurant. God's grass is not good enough for him."

Major Macpherson had lit a cigarette while he waited, with lessening appetite, for tomato omelette and bread and butter. His exhilaration had led him naturally to think of his wife and child, whom he had not seen for two years. His face lit, then clouded. He began to pay the price of his intoxication with the sharp realisation of his own forlorn state.

Here I am, he thought, in a country I know nothing of, and never intended to come to, and Jean is growing older, and Janet growing up without brothers and sisters. . . . With Japan to beat, I'll be here another two years at least, I reckon. . . .

"You see," said Kundan Lal, "he has ordered the food, but he doesn't eat it. He is such a bara sahib, he can afford to throw the good food back, while in Old Delhi, people can't get a handful of jowar. Every pice of his pay, brothers, comes from these very people, from these laborious peasants, from those sweated factory workers. . . ."

An Indian family had come into the gardens and were standing looking up at the Minar: a dignified father, a fat, jolly mother, two pretty girls, a little boy and a baby.

Look at those girls, thought Macpherson, in their pale pinks and their dark blues, with their fresh complexions and their comely black pigtails. Janet must wear bright colours as she grows up: she's dark, and so she can. Not those dreary puffs and moss-greens. . . . Now they are going to sit down on the soft grass in the shade, while I am stuck up here, at a table, alone. . . .

"Do you see how he is casting his lecherous eyes over our Indian womanhood?" said Kundan Lal, beginning to feel really angry.

"Don't do anything rash, Kundanlalji," said his cousin.

"Such, such, my friends," continued Kundan Lal, "are our rulers. Study the type with open eyes. Proud, aloof, ignorant, lecherous. Oh, India, wilt thou ever free thyself of these tyrants?"

Macpherson had been unable to face his lunch. He stood up. He yearned desperately for any affection and warmth, but most of all for his home and family. The beauty of the buildings and the gardens and the girls' dresses had become barren to him.

God! will I ever get out of this country!

He strode to his bike, and pedalled back to Delhi to spend the rest of his holiday in his office, to drown his awakened soul again in the bleak waters of the Master General of the Ordnance.

"You see? That man, with his heel so resolutely on our necks, does not even give employment to a tonga driver," concluded Kundan Lal, reaching for the tiffin carrier.

MARTIN HAWKIN

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

A FEW years ago it seemed that the Royal Academy should excite no further contention. It has its own exhibitors and its own public; while another world of painters and lovers of painting followed an orbit that was conveniently distinct. Unluckily our language furnishes no acceptable terms with which to indicate this distinction. The products of a Sickert and a Dicksee are alike known as pictures, because they alike result from the application of variegated pigment to a flat surface. If we were obliged to use the same word to mean both a bicycle and a flower the controversies between cyclists and gardeners would probably be incessant and embittered. The flower-lover would complain of the bicycle's appearance, the holiday-maker would retort that a tulip could not convey him to the seaside. The polemics excited by painting have for a century been almost as preposterous. In the hope of making peace let us examine their history.

In 1868, when the Royal Academy celebrated its centenary, it included among its members not one (unless it were Watts) whom Reynolds, the first President, would have recognised as sharing his aims. Since the death of Constable in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, the visual arts had been deviating from their long tradition for reasons that have not been adequately explained. And this deviation has continued. Historians have often attributed it to the growth of democracy. But in its painting and architecture autocratic Vienna showed the same strange symptoms as progressive London. Nor can I discover that the nobility in England (or anywhere else), living though they did in Palladian mansions adorned with masterpieces of Renaissance painting, differed in taste from the class most newly enriched. Marquesses, nay sovereigns, competed with rude manufacturers for the products of a Landseer and a Bonheur, as they have continued to compete for the products of a Laszlo and a Gunn. Moreover, it was in France alone that the old tradition of painting survived, asserting itself with especial vigour when the second Empire was replaced by the Republic, and finding its patrons in the cultivated bourgeoisie rather than among the aristocrats.

Elsewhere a school of painting at once official and popular held unquestioned sway, finding in London a particular prosperity, attracting hither a Herkomer from Germany and a Tadema from Holland. Examine the Royal Academy paintings of the last eighty years; whether they are landscapes, portraits or costume-pieces, whether they depict kittens sitting in boots or racehorses standing in stables, whether they show women cheating at cards or intent upon the lathe, the contrast they present with pictures of the pre-industrial age is equally extraordinary. It is as if writers continued to produce books printed as verse but lacking all perceptible rhythm because the authors had no concern with prosody.

But because some of us cherish what may be called the metrical element in painting, let us not suppose that work lacking this fails to fulfil a useful function. If a woman wants herself represented as she would like to appear, alluring in her slimness and her singleness of chin; if a man wishes the world to perceive the vigour and distinction that his physique conceals from the common eye; if anyone desires to have his holiday resort or his hunters always available and gleaming in a light that never was on sea or land—well, the painter who supplies such natural demands is adding to the world's stock of pleasure. Experience suggests that the pleasure they afford may not be very durable. After fifty years or less paintings of this order have usually proved almost unsaleable. (Was not a Laszlo sold the other day in London for only fifteen guineas?) But perhaps in the future things will be different. Some of us too readily assume that, because we derive such deep satisfaction from the great Masters, these will necessarily continue to set a standard. But who knows whether anyone a century hence will care for Giotto and Raphael and Ingres and Renoir?—to appreciate them demands considerable training. Who knows even whether any of their works will survive another and more efficiently conducted war? It seems possible that among the most admired artists in a hundred years' time will be Mr. Brockhurst, Mr. Frank Salisbury and Miss Zinkeisen.

But whatever our conjectures about the taste of posterity, there is a generic difference—and here at least I fancy these painters would agree with me—a difference both of aim and method between them and such artists as are represented, for instance, in the new Penguin books (Paul Nash, Duncan Grant, Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland). And, I repeat, if only we had a terminology to make clear this difference, much unnecessary ill-feeling might be avoided. The critic would no longer gird against Royal Academicians for missing a target at which they do not aim; and the Royal Academician when confronted with art that he does not understand would no longer demean himself by calling it "subversive."

Unfortunately there is at the moment a well-meant conspiracy to disguise this generic difference. For a long while there were at the Royal Academy only three or four exhibitors like Mr. Clausen and Mr. Connard whose works were out of keeping with the rest of the show. Then came a drive to modify the character of this venerable institution. On the one hand, some of the old hands appear to have felt that concessions would be prudent. Almost all the critics were becoming open in their disrespect, and the prestige of the Academy was undeniably declining even among those little interested in art. The purchases of the Chantrey Bequest, which have to be hung in the Academy, were more and more often the work of painters who had never wished to exhibit there. Such omens called for a change of policy if not of heart. On the other hand, some justly respected artists thought that the Royal Academy ought no longer to be shunned. Enjoying one of the most valuable sites in London rent-free from the Crown, it can sell exhibits without the commission required by dealers; and it possesses funds from which to endow any needy widows of its members. Moreover, town councillors from the provinces seeking to stock their museums still sometimes suppose (bless their innocent hearts!) that they must be "on to a good thing" when they buy a picture by an Academician or even an Associate. Such privileges are not to be despised. Would not contemporary art benefit if they were more widely shared? And so several excellent artists, when sounded about candidature for the Royal Academy, felt it their duty to acquiesce; and were in fact elected, though some had never yet condescended to submit a work to Burlington House.

The consequence is an interesting situation. This year's Academy is dominated by the work of recently elected Associates. And of Mr. le Bas in particular: for the sensibility, scholarship, justice of tone and general accomplishment of his works will arrest and may even monopolise the attention of any visitor who has regularly devoted much time to the study of painting. (Most purchasers of Academy pictures, I fancy, spend little time studying pictures elsewhere.) Mr. Moynihan, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Middleton Todd, Mr. Ruskin Spear also show pictures of a sort unfamiliar in Burlington House. And apart from these recent Associates, a considerable proportion of the exhibitors paint in a manner that would not astonish at the London Group: to revert to my metaphor, their works are written in verse, pedestrian verse perhaps, but still verse. Whereas only a few years ago the works of a John or a Connard looked out of keeping in the Academy, to-day it is the style of Mr. Jagger and Mr. A. K. Lawrence that detonates. The sculpture, it is true, has not succumbed to any similar infection. The thoughtful compositions by Mr. Dobson and the elegant ornaments by Mr. Charell make a disconcerting contrast with the period-pieces urrounding them.

What will be the outcome of the infiltration I have described? Will the recent Associates who have entered the citadel capture it for their allies? Or do they rather resemble the women whom, it has been alleged, the Germans drive before them to discourage the fire of the enemy? Are they farseeing pioneers or deluded optimists? I venture no forecast. But I think that the Old Guard will not surrender. Of course, they must, like the rest of us, die; and the new Associates are several of them quite young. On the other hand, equally young painters can be found who would be glad as Associates to succour the veterans. In any case, it looks as if the rival forces are coming to a trial of strength, and I think the next elections will be strategically significant. Will some artist with a solidly established reputation like Mr. Matthew Smith or Mr. Paul Nash be induced to present himself? Or will the invader Associates have to fall back for their candidate upon some promising youth? Whoever their candidate, I am not certain that he will head the poll. Mr. Munnings, only a week after denouncing "subversive" art in a letter to *The Times*, was elected President by Academicians who presumably shared his opinion. Perhaps they can see that the elections of the next few years perpetuate the Munnings tradition. I am inclined therefore to make a bet, if anyone will take it, that the next A.R.A. will be Mr. James Gunn.

But perhaps this is only what is called "wishful thinking." For my sympathy goes, I confess, to those who wish the Academy to stick to its guns. It seems to me a mistake to hang in the same exhibition pictures of two incompatible types. Nobody would want to interpose a symphony by Vaughan Williams or Walton into a concert devoted to such popular music as *In a Monastery Garden*, *The Dance of the Hours* and *There'll Always be an England*. Nor do I see why the admirers of Dame Laura Knight and Mr. Cadogan Cowper should be obliged to seek their favourite pictures among works by Miss Frances Hodgkins and Sir William Nicholson. Such juxtapositions must be unfair to the painters as well as confusing to the public. Already this year's Academy may tempt visitors to apply an inappropriate criterion. Having admired, for instance, a picture by Mr. Wadsworth or Mr. Ruskin Spear, they may assume that Mr. Jagger has similar aims, and decide that he has failed to attain them. Which would be to do Mr. Jagger a gross injustice. Therefore, while giving all credit to the good intentions of those who dream of restoring the Academy to its original purposes, I believe it would be wiser and kinder to leave it as an asylum reserved for the sort of painting that they are confessedly unable to manufacture.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"A Night in Venice," at the Cambridge Theatre

No one cherishing memories of Venice need fear that this operetta will evoke any overwhelming nostalgia. Moonlit canals seem remote; pasteboard gondolas and bridges do not bring San Marco nearer home. Only the theme and the libretto are as well-worn as the stones of the Piazza. Jerry Verno supplies the high spot when he confides bibulously, "I'm a Venetian blind." After a listless first act, the second is increasingly vigorous. Scenes of Carnival and a Commedia dell' Arte culminate in the whirlwind handsprings of a group of acrobats. Off come masks and dominoes, identities are revealed, and everyone, inevitably paired-off, joins in a buoyant final chorus. The music, by the Strauss who composed *Fledermaus* is always gay, refreshing and pleasantly executed. All the costumes have been devised to appear sumptuous and unrationed.

Old Masters at Agnew's

Once again Messrs. Agnew gain our gratitude by showing pictures of the sort we can no longer see in the National Gallery. The exhibition includes a most exciting discovery, a portrait by Rubens of Philip IV. This is no less sensitive than brilliant, and it would be interesting to see the miraculously painted head by the side of the National Gallery Velasqueze. A painting by Andrea del Sarto, unfinished yet complete, is exemplary in composition and drawing; two small panels by Francesco di Vannuccio are exquisite; a Jacopo Bassano in uncommonly fine condition makes one feel more persuaded than ever of Greco's debt to this artist; and an early Correggio is most engaging alike in design and sentiment. Apart from these six outstanding works the exhibition includes two handsome landscapes by the less celebrated of the two Ruysdaels, a Wilson of the Italian period, and two little pictures of fine quality by Constable and Guardi. Everyone who cares for good painting will want to return several times to feast their eyes on such unaccustomed treasures.

KINDLY WORDS

"I have no sympathy with those who think it clever or even funny to insult and abuse the Government of Spain."—Prime Minister, May 24th.

The old Atlantic Charter may intend
That democratic rights shall be respected,
But this in time of war, does not extend
To Spain's last Government, by Spain elected.
Spain's Government by force was overthrown
And Spain's Dictator rules by force alone.

The Government of Spain is in suspension,
Her Parliament its rights does not resign,
Her tyrant, raised by foreign intervention,
Rules by no right, elective or divine,
Franco was by the Axis put in power,
And backed by Britain in her meanest hour.

The rebel Franco we may recognise,
He may be kept in his uneasy place,
But by no argument we may devise
Can we make out a democratic case.
He may stand high in Cabinet esteem—
The Spaniards did not vote for his Régime.

Though approbation on the highest level
May prove this shabby tyrant suits us well,
Though from expediency we praise the devil
And give him leave to run his private hell,
No "kindly" word can make legitimate
This Fascist ruler of the Spanish State.

Franco, the porter of Gibraltar's gates
We may confirm in his dictatorship,
We may pay toll for passage through the Straits,
(The gatekeeper must always have his tip)
We may rejoice in hopes of fruitful trade—
The Spanish people know themselves betrayed.

They know that mankind's Charter has no force,
When, backed by Britain's wartime Cabinet,
Franco is kept upon his evil course;
But Spain remembers, and will not forget
That English lives were also lost in vain
To save the lawful Government of Spain.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

TRAINING OF TEACHERS

SIR,—The Board of Education's latest circular to Local Authorities proposes to meet the shortage of teachers by giving men and women from the Forces one-year's training. It considers one year adequate, and states that these recruits must be granted equal status and equal opportunity of promotion. But adequate for which schools, and equal status in which schools?

It has been estimated that some 70,000 extra teachers will be needed for the post-war schools. Are the entire 70,000 to be given but one year's training? If not, what other scheme of training is the Board keeping back? Will the public schools and grammar schools accept one-year-trained recruits into their staff-rooms? Not damned likely. It is plain that they will flood the present public elementary schools (whatever new name these may be given) and widen still further the social gaps between the present public, secondary, and elementary schools.

The efficiency of the public elementary schools has slowly been rising. Already they have a fair proportion of graduates with pass and honours degrees on their staffs. The total number of teachers in public elementary schools in 1938 was 166,674 (B. of Education Report, 1938) so that if they are to be deluged with 70,000 hastily-trained recruits the effect upon the professional standards of the teachers in these schools, and on the efficiency of the schools themselves, is likely to be serious.

No one-year's intensive cramming system could possibly supply the mature and well-fertilised mind needed for teaching. The Government has surely confused teaching skill with the technical skills they have reduced to a system in war-factories?

If the standards of these one-year-trained recruits are low, what influence are they going to have, in large numbers as they will be, upon their better-trained colleagues? Obviously men and women who get no better pay or prospects than inefficiently trained colleagues are not going to be willing to supply better service. One wonders what the medical profession would say if it were proposed to fill up a shortage of doctors with students of one-year's training. Would it accord them equal status? One can say without fear of contradiction that it would award them no status at all. Why then should the teaching profession be de-graded? Graduate teachers now in the profession have had to qualify by four years' university study and a year's probation in practice. That is almost equal in length and standard to the training of a fully qualified doctor of medicine. Isn't it a grave injustice to them that their sacrifices to obtain that training should be set aside by what amounts to a fiat? One fails to see why equal effort to attain adequate academic standards should not be required by new recruits.

We know what the answer to that will be: that the 70,000 new recruits will be needed too urgently to allow for lengthy training. But there is no reason why the one year's training course should not be regarded as only preliminary training, and that the three subsequent years should be devoted to combined study and practice for later qualifying examinations, and the trainee regarded as a student teacher.

There is nothing new in combining study with practice. It is common for those training to be accountants, for law students, and architects, to be articled to firms while they study and practise for their qualifying examinations. The Civil Service gives opportunities to its juniors to qualify for administrative posts by taking degrees. And in insurance companies and banks, junior clerks are expected to qualify for the higher branches of their service by taking actuarial, accountancy, and banking examinations, and law and economics degrees. If the Government is not willing to pay the fees of practising student teachers over and above their salaries then it must regard the one-year's training course as cheaper than the present method of supplying teachers; and if it refuses to stipulate that new recruits must raise themselves after entry to the standards now required of the profession then the Government must be willing to see the standard of teaching and of education lowered in the new system. If the recruits are not willing to qualify adequately then they are not worthy of entrance to the profession. The standard of education depends not upon new buildings, or curricula, or upon extension of school-leaving age, but upon the standard of teaching. If that is to be lowered, then the Education Bill looks to be pure humbug, doesn't it?

J. J. S. ADAM
(Liverpool Association of Schoolmasters, affiliated to the National Association of Schoolmasters).

SIR,—Having taught at one time in a Scottish Secondary School I share the respect of "A Scot" for many aspects of his country's education; but since he questions my former reference to it I would point out, first, that School Leaving Certificates are not University Degrees and, second, that I did not assert that the standards of Scottish Degrees are

low, but that "there are degrees of very low standard," which is quite different, and quite correct.

Unless regulations have been changed recently, one of the examinations qualifying for entrance upon a degree course in any Scottish University is London Matriculation. So a student, starting from this well-known standard, may enter upon a course for the Ordinary Degree of M.A., and at a leading Scottish University he may obtain this by studying six subjects. In five he is required to take a one-year course only, and in one a two-year course. That is to say, save for the one two-year course, he will arrive at, or perhaps a little above the standard of the Intermediate Examinations which London Undergraduates take at the end of the first year of a three-year course. Looking up the regulations, for instance, in the subject with which I am most familiar, I find that an M.A. who professes Physics among his five subjects may have had a total laboratory training of 75 hours, or less than most first-year students in England. The total time spent on all subjects is substantial; but no one with any knowledge of education will admit that the elementary study of many subjects is equivalent as a training, or intellectual discipline, to the advanced study of one or two. The degree so obtained is, in fact, of lower standard than an English B.A.

I am not concerned to criticise Scottish education or to question that a Scottish M.A. sometimes indicates a high standard of attainment. There are, indeed, almost more fools with degrees than without even in England, so the matter is quite unimportant. My sole point is that a great increase in the number of University Graduates can only be obtained, for teaching or any other purposes, either by lowering present standards or by considerably improving educational methods and social conditions. The former way has obtained in Scotland and U.S.A. and is not to be recommended. CHARLES RECORD

DOCTORS AND A STATE MEDICAL SERVICE

SIR,—The comment in your issue of May 20th on the B.M.A.'s White Paper statement prompts a reply. Your suggestion that this was intended to influence doctors' replies to the Association's questionnaire, takes no account of the fact that the majority of these have already been completed; in any case repeated statements in Parliament and the Press have ensured that any pressure was not one-sided. The profession has been clearly encouraged to toe the line and give no trouble. You then hope that the majority of doctors will be more sensible than the Association, omitting, it is true, the usual assurance that the younger doctors in the forces are known to welcome the plan. As far as it is possible to judge from personal contacts it seems likely that the majority of doctors will support the B.M.A. in opposition to the White Paper. This is not surprising, for the practice and advancement of medicine, although fundamentally scientific, rests largely upon an empirical opportunism which demands a liberty of thought and action unlikely to be achieved under the Government scheme.

The ultimate control of doctors in hospitals by a central Ministry and local authorities will subject the Medical Service to political interference of a kind likely to challenge the traditional loyalties of doctor and patient, and to work against the best interests of health. The Minister of Health is probably sincere in his wish to avoid coercion and to maintain such independent institutions as voluntary hospitals, but the inevitable tendencies of this scheme will soon pass beyond the control of his good intentions.

The subordinate position of the Advisory Health Council without the right of independent publication, is not reassuring; indeed, many doctors can see in the White Paper, not so much a measure of social reform as a political expedient which will offer a State-salaried medical service as a substitute for a genuine comprehensive health service, with adequate sick pay and compensation for illness, as suggested in the Beveridge report.

The B.M.A.'s insistence upon a means test is unfortunate, and probably does not represent general medical opinion, which views the gradual disappearance of private practice without apprehension, but if their attitude is taken, together with the plea for the voluntary hospitals, as a symbol of the wider liberty referred to above, it will probably command support that it does not merit. There is a sincere wish on the part of most doctors, particularly the younger ones, for a comprehensive health service in which they can play their part (if necessary) as whole-time salaried members, provided they are certain that it makes generous provision for the sick, and that its administration will allow more independence than the White Paper, which, with its niggardly financial proposals, and its close political control, seems likely to be of a Utility or Austerity cut.

London, E.1. ALASTAIR HUNTER

THE BRAINS TRUST

SIR,—If Dr. Joad thinks that "it didn't occur" to the soldiers on his train to relieve their boredom by reading, then Dr. Joad has never examined a war-time station bookstall. Granted that it is not practical as a rule for soldiers to belong to a lending library; granted that a soldier is unlikely to pay eight shillings and sixpence for a novel; granted that soldiers can hardly cart anything but pocket-size books about with their other luggage—then it must be the station bookstall or nothing.

The usual stock of station bookstalls just now is roughly covered by the following list: unsaleable novels at 8/6, books about aeroplanes and bren guns, novels of the genus "No Orchid," cheap rubbish passing itself off as books for children, copies of "The Thinkers' Library," which look grimy enough to have been there for ten years and which have had their prices doubled for no known reason, and the only two Penguins which are not unobtainable: "Tree Fruit Growing" and "Interglossa." It seems a little unkind to criticise the soldiers instead of taking the opportunity for another smack at the paper controller.

TREVENEN PETERS

THE C.O.

SIR,—The matter of Mr. Sparrow's letter is one into which I have made some investigation. It had occurred to me, in reading Mr. Joad's article, that he was hard on the Germans when he singled out that nation as having executed conscientious objectors "out of hand." The fact is that alone, among all the governments of the world, those of the British Commonwealth and of America recognise the principle of conscientious objection. In all other countries the objector, conscientious or not, is treated simply as a mutineer, and as such, in time of war, is put to death. To my knowledge, in France in the last war this method seemed to be an effective deterrent, and the sentence was carried out in only a very few cases. The French authorities, on such occasions, inscribe on the martyr's grave the words: *Mort en lâche*, or, as we should say, "died a coward's death." Some of your readers may remember the case of the *Doukhobors* and their migration from Tsarist Russia to Canada consequent on refusal to serve in the army. In a time of national danger, could we expect a more lenient attitude from the Soviet Government?

H. H. O'REGAN

[Another correspondent sends us a cutting to show that C.O.s are not always executed in Hitler's Germany. The case was that of a scientist allowed to continue research, not directly for the war.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ETHEL SMYTH

SIR,—In "Critic's" tribute to Dame Ethel Smyth he is mistaken in saying that I was one of the editors who turned down her sketch "The Waterfall." I was never an editor.

When Dame Ethel finished her *Impressions that Remain*, she gave me the MS. to read; I was unable to put it down, and the enthusiasm of the book's first audience pleased her.

I suggested she should blue-pencil one or two short passages, among which was the anecdote of the waterfall, which she subsequently expanded into a sketch (in the book it was quite short). I told her I thought this was just the kind of thing which might catch a publisher's or a publisher's reader's eye, and give them an unfavourable impression. Dame Ethel cut out the passage.

The book was refused by the first publisher it was sent to. MAURICE BARING

THE SOLDIER'S VOTE

SIR,—My experience has been almost exactly the reverse of that of your correspondent, "Corporal." In my unit there has been a systematic distribution of the voting-by-proxy (or by post) cards to every man, preceded by an excellent address by the Adjutant strongly urging every man to fill in the card and attended by every help and inducement to do so—with the result, I believe, that every man did fill one in and also clearly understood the importance of registering his vote.

ANOTHER CORPORAL (R.A.F.)

SIR,—Although the general conclusions of "Corporal" are correct in regard to the soldier's vote, it is worth while explaining my experience of the scheme which fortunately differs from his.

Being an orderly room clerk I had perhaps more to do with the scheme than your correspondent. Soon after we had received the Army Council Instruction about the vote we obtained sufficient numbers of the appropriate form for every man in the unit to complete. A special parade was arranged so that almost every man was present, at which the scheme was outlined and the importance of voting stressed. Two clerks were present to help the men fill in the forms and to answer any questions that they might have. About 90 per cent. completed the form entitling them to vote at coming elections. I believe this result was due to the interest of the O.C. and the clerical staff.

We had difficulties, of course. The majority of the men here have known what it is like to be out of work for long periods. They are sceptical and disillusioned and certainly have very little faith in any political party. But, by explaining to them the importance of the vote, many, I am sure, decided it was best to have the vote. There was no great enthusiasm. Many said in effect: "None of the political parties care at all about the working class, but I want the vote in case something turns up."

If there had not been a special parade and an introductory talk, I am convinced that not one would have bothered to fill up the form. I agree with "Corporal" that there is an "appalling apathy" in the army concerning such things. To counter that apathy, with particular regard to voting, I suggest:—

(i) That an officer should explain to the men briefly the purpose of filling in the Army Form and the importance of voting.

(ii) That at least two ABCA or British Way and Purpose lectures should be devoted to a detailed explanation of the "why and wherefore" of voting and to answer any questions that arise.

The average soldier will always listen to lecturers who know their subjects well. The majority of my fellow soldiers here are sceptical, but I believe that their scepticism is not irremediable. Once they begin to have confidence in a lecture, they will listen carefully and attentively.

E. L. TAPLIN

BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

SIR,—The British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund and Forget-Me-Not League is the only national fund helping individual prisoners of war of all services and all ranks.

We are now faced with a situation of great urgency. Many thousands of prisoners of war have been transferred from Italy to Germany. Each day brings letters from heads of camps, the prisoners of war themselves and their relations pleading for books, games, etc. The Fund needs money to meet all the ever increasing and urgent needs of the new camps, as well as the older camps established in 1940.

So many people cannot give much money, but have some small treasure tucked away that they would gladly send to us to sell on behalf of our men who are in enemy prison camps.

Here is a list of what we would like to receive:

Jewellery; Clocks and Watches; Books; Soft Toys; Silver; Tapestry; China; Pictures; Glass; Linen; Lace; Small objects of historical or interesting associations.

Will you send any of these articles or a promise to the above address? The shop is just by Sloane Square.

148 Sloane Street, MRS. J. B. PRIESTLY
London, S.W.1.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

We have our British moods—I mean the moods in which we admit to Welsh, Irish, Cornish, or Scottish forbears and even make a distinction between the north, south, east and west of this island; and then we have our English mood. To be British is our fate but to be English is our religion. We say the word and close the doors of piety upon the outer world. Our imagination retires to an inner island where eyes are kind and what they see is certain. There freedom is responsible, adventure is stoical, and reflection mild. Even the warriors are happy warriors; the sportsmen themselves practise a kind of poetry and heaven is only one step beyond the lawn where the thrush is singing and the wild flower blooms. We do not feel, when we are in our English moods, that we are especially favoured or elected to any mystical privilege—though once we get abroad we are apt to think and say so—but we do feel our Englishness is a resource. It is an emergency ration which, only in unguarded moments of worship, we are tempted to treat as a sacramental wafer. For, in our hearts, we know that Englishness is no more than a mood, and after we have grown tired of worshipping at the altar of our own foibles, we come back to the argumentative voice of Defoe:

> These are the Heroes who despise the Dutch,
> And rail at new-come Foreigners so much;
> Forgetting that themselves are all derived
> From the most scoundrel Race that ever lived,
> A horrid Crowd of Rambling Thieves and Drones,
> Who ransack'd Kingdoms, and dispeopled Towns:
> The Pict and Painted Briton, Treach'rous Scot,
> By Hunger, Theft and Rapine hither brought;
> Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneering Danes,
> Whose Red-haired offspring ev'rywhere remains;
> Who joined with Norman-French composed the Breed
> From whence your True-Born Englishmen proceed.

With those words vanishes that rather posed hush of satisfaction which even the word England causes in these mongrel isles.

The cult of England—and surely it has been over-advertised since Lord Baldwin's days—is one I have never much cared for. It is too chaste and mild a notion. And the Pict and painted Briton in me rebelled when I opened the English Association's anthology*, and found that the anthology was open only to English poets. A Yeats and a Wilfrid Owen were outside the pale. The decision was inevitable. The purpose of the anthology is to set out poems which throw light on English life—on the English at war, on English reflection, sport, humour, character and the English response to the arts. The effect is documentary and, on the whole, sedate. For the word England has come to suggest what is stable in us and not our rebellions. Liberty is what we naturally have, not something to win; the unregenerate Wordsworth claims it for Frenchmen and the Spaniards. I would have thought that the English—or perhaps it should be the British?—in rebellion formed one of the basic things in our life; but this anthology contains slight hint of it. I looked in vain for Shelley's *Song to the Men of England*, for the visionary, political poems of Blake, for Hood's *Song of the Shirt*. It looks as though the Committee which chose the subjects took Byron's view:

> Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
> Poor rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
> Our little riots just to show we are freemen
> Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
> Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
> All these I can forgive, and those forget,
> And greatly venerate our recent glories,
> And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

Yes, even to the "chilly women"; there is no English love-poetry in this collection. Still, cricket is here and poaching and hunting. There is Chaucer's parson and his patient Griselda, the sober soldiers, resolute sailors, "Bugloss and Burdock rank, And prickly Teasel high," and the clink of Wordsworth's skates in Westmorland. There is *If* and there is *The Revenge*—surely the best sea-battle piece in our language. And there is Meredith's tinker. The variety is almost indiscriminate and wholly admirable, and if we do not always get the best English verse, we do get verse that is close to the chosen themes. It is when, in order to show the strand of continuity in our tradition, the compilers have turned to contemporary poetry that the decadence of England as a cult shows plain. The resonance of the eighteenth century, the patriotism of the nineteenth century, give place to a note so fidgety and banal as to be embarrassing. There are exceptional poems, but in the main England appears to have fallen into the hands of the light versifiers of *Punch* who lag behind masters of light verse like Thackeray, Hood and Lear, and who have watered down the Georgian mood until it is almost lachrymose and quite insipid. Poor old London, brave little typist, unhappy heap of rubble; and who would have thought we could pull off Dunkirk. It is pure Mrs. Miniver. One is always prepared for the sight of patriotism turning poetry into prose, but here it turns it into typewriting. I suspect this is an example of the drift towards journalism which inevitably overcomes the taste of committees. It is safer. Yet in one section at least of this anthology, the pages given to the Englishman in war, a special obligation to publish some of the distinguished poems of the Spanish war and this war has been evaded.

The religion of the English might, I think, have had some pages apart, but where the poets of this anthology touch upon it, they do so not by religious utterance but in portraits of virtuous men and in brief descriptive asides on the cloister and the bell. Traherne, Donne, Milton and I would have thought the most English figure of Herbert called for larger place, but Herbert is omitted altogether. That is the last of my complaints. Let us turn to Mr. Harold Nicolson's reflections. Can we say, as we read this volume, that, despite the variety of English poetry, despite the changes of fashion and period from Chaucer to the present day, there is a continuous specific quality? Are there certain "recurrent attitudes, certain constant moods of sensitiveness or attention, which are more characteristic of the English than of any other poets?" There is the preoccupation with Nature, and here one does detect a particularity in the eye of the poet. It is not merely that the Englishman is a countryman at heart or that he is a natural pantheist. Nor is the Wordsworthian sense of a presence in tarn and lake and flower always the underlying habit of the English mind. In Chaucer, in Shakespeare, in Herrick, in Tennyson and Meredith, the poet discovers Nature. He has the peculiarity of seeing the life of the flower as something of its own and outside the life of man. So precise are the English poets and so proprietary—"that's my wild thrush"—that one imagines them waking out of some interior monologue, some long, eyeless rumination, and being taken aback by the fact that such a thing as the daisy exists. Or are we to put down the intimacy of our love of Nature to the mildness and variety of the climate, the smallness of the scene, where no inhospitable mountain or wilderness obtrudes, and to the sudden relief of discovering that there are things outside the grip of that practical, worrying morality which is our passion? It has been said that we, of all peoples, find nurture for our sense of freedom in the country; I think Mr. Nicolson more nearly right when he says we follow our deep instinct for privacy; and I am not sure that when we talk about freedom, we do not really mean the right to be idle. A love of the detail of Nature, such as we have, is the fruit of a mind which idles between realism and mysticism. For us who must go to the window a dozen times in the day to see what the weather is, who are sociable but not gregarious, who muse rather than think, Nature always points the event. Yes, we have the idle minds of men of action, the idle minds of practical people, and we look to Nature rather than to men and ideas, for our sense of "things going on"—thus Hardy:

> What of the faith and fire within us,
> Men who march away
> Ere the barn-cocks say
> Night is growing grey.

Conservatism and patriotism, Mr. Nicolson says, are the two other continuous threads, and here we seem to be on more questionable ground. The dislike of change is pricked by the insistence on rights. Once the rights have been established we will swear that nothing has changed. But I should have said that a feeling for comeliness in conduct and in all things of life had been handed down from generation to generation in English poetry. It begins with Chaucer, it does not vanish in the heat of the Elizabethan sun—one can see it often enough in Shakespeare, though one would have to think many times before one found it in Ben Jonson, or in our contemporaries for that matter—and appears, intensely domesticated, in the nineteenth century. Our patriotism has often changed, but, unlike our love of Nature and the patriotism of other nations, the Russians or the Irish, it has never been mystical, though it has often been bombastic. And unlike the French we have not, through our poets, thought of ourselves as inheriting a civilisation. But our poets have always held we were better ruled and better at ruling than others. Again, their reference has been practical; and if there is an angry appeal for Justice, it is not for abstract justice, but for a justice once supposedly enjoyed. Our ancient rights again. What the poets in all generations have expressed is the intimate love of their native land. And it is chiefly in what is familiar to these absorbed men that the English poets find the surprising and the new. How many of them, outside the lyrical poets, write with the discursiveness of the novelist who has grown to know his material backwards!

V. S. Pritchett

* *England. An Anthology.* With an introduction by Harold Nicolson. Compiled by a committee of the English Association. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

MEDIEVAL CRITICISM

English Literary Criticism: the Medieval Phase. By J. W. H. Atkins. *Cambridge University Press.* 12s. 6d.

In this admirable book, charming both for its matter and for its style, Professor Atkins supplements the two volumes he has already given us on Greek and Græco-Roman criticism; and so thoroughly does it deal with a little-known subject that a reviewer has really not much more to do than to express his gratitude to the author for the pleasure it has given him, and to recommend all students of English literature to make themselves acquainted with it as quickly and as completely as possible. But it may be desirable to give a short sketch of its contents; for while it is true that, as the publishers' note says, it is of great help in understanding what really happened at the sixteenth-century Renaissance, it is also of great help in understanding all periods of English literature.

It begins, inevitably, with a chapter on the inheritance of the Middle Ages from the Church; for it was not too easily that classical literature, and with it literary criticism, escaped total destruction as Christianity advanced. The attacks of Tertullian are famous. "What has Athens to do with Jerusalem? In the eyes of God literature is foolishness." Jerome, Augustine, Boethius, Gregory and others, despite occasional hints that they had their doubts, followed suit; nor did the common sense of such scholars as Origen and Clement of Alexandria altogether hold the field in favour of a more liberal attitude. But gradually the bigots lost ground. It could not be denied that the Psalms were poetry, that Job and the Song of Solomon had dignity and "perfection," that the Prophets showed beauty of style; nay, that St. Paul himself had quoted from Epimenides and Menander. The process was aided by a compromise on the other side—the classics could be read without danger through the veil of allegory. Yet such culture as did penetrate to the West was Latin, as distinct from Greek; and,

the Professor truly says, so early as the second ntury the Latin literary genius was showing signs exhaustion. It is the sad fact that in the estern world the influence of classical Latin was caying and the influence of Greek practically ead.

Such, very briefly put, was the state of British ulture when on this island broke the waves of nglo-Saxon invasion. It took a century and a lf before Christianity even began to reassert elf, and about another century before the ppearance of Aldhelm, "England's earliest man f letters," of whose numerous works there is ne that deals, confusedly enough, with Latin etre. As most of its doctrines are taken from onatus, Priscian and others, "it illustrates the terest taken in metrical matters, mainly on eligious grounds; some knowledge of metre was eld to be necessary for the reading of Christian oetry." Intrinsically Aldhelm's work is of little alue.

Much higher, as might be expected, stands his lustrious contemporary Bede, among whose ontributions to literary theorising Professor tkins considers the most important to be *On the Metrical Art* and its continuation *On the Figures nd Tropes of Holy Writ*. Very interesting is his efence of accentual Latin poetry—a defence rgely due to the fact that such verse had never ied out, and, because popular, was employed by he Christian hymn-writers. There was, said Bede, nothing to apologise for in it; the last word n metre had not been pronounced by Virgil—a laring assertion when one considers the almost uperhuman character assigned to Virgil right hrough those ages. But "this position," as the rofessor says, "is adopted not so much from a ense of historical development" as from a con-iction of the authority attached to St. Ambrose nd other Christian poets. Yet, "venerable" and ainly as he was, he was the first Englishman to llow other than moral or religious considerations o weigh in forming his critical judgments; and, uch as he derived from his wide reading in the ate Latin authors, he cannot be refused his claim o true originality. Thus, while he does not seem o have been quite able to make up his mind as to he true nature of poetry—like others he doubted whether it was logic or rhetoric—yet, being con-vinced that the Bible contained poetry, he was led, n his grammatical studies, when dealing with igurative expressions, and illustrating his remarks y quotations from the Biblical poets, to convince himself that at any rate figures of speech might e very valuable aids to poetry.

Bede stands alone. Far as he was above his elder Aldhelm, he was in this regard almost equally above his successor Alcuin, who, though a scholar, added but little to what Bede had taught. For example, his book *On Rhetoric* "is wanting in intrinsic merit"; its interest lies in the fact that here will be found, and not easily elsewhere, a summary of pre-Ciceronian rhetorical theory. To Bede's grammatical tradition he gave a narrower interpretation, and as a literary theorist he did work of only a preparatory kind. The student therefore, leaving him behind and giving a rapid glance at Rabanus Maurus and John Scotus Erigena, passes willingly over three centuries to John of Salisbury, whom he will already know as the secretary of Thomas à Becket, and as one of the wisest statesmen of his time. On him as literary critic Professor Atkins has much that is most interesting to tell, and one would like to spend some time over it, but it must suffice to say that John shows none of the old prejudice against secular learning. Though, relying on the pious fiction of the friendship between St. Paul and Seneca, he admires Seneca too highly, and is therefore too much inclined to "find virtue in ornate style," he nevertheless recognises, with Aristotle and Quintilian, that "the greatest virtue of speech is perspicuity and clearness of utterance." Thus, by him "literary discussions were once more renewed, and Humanistic views regarding literature first propounded in England." This means that he went back to classical poets and prose writers for his models, and to classical critics for his guides. This chapter is admirable; let the reader start it and he will go on to the end.

"That the movement of which John of Salisbury was the foremost English representative was both vital and widespread, ample evidence is forthcoming from many quarters"; thus we have the prose Latin works of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Alexander Neckam, and Girauldus Cambrensis, but also an unbroken stream of poetry, lyrical, epical, and—after a fashion—dramatic. At the same time there were works in the vernacular, of which *The Owl and the Nightingale* will be remembered by all readers of Professor Atkins's works.

After John of Salisbury one must expect a decline, but we have a chapter on Geoffrey of Vinsauf and John of Garland, which, because it deals with more unfamiliar themes, we find equally interesting; both these writers, though "intrinsically of no great value," yet, by their recurrence to the doctrines of Horace and the old treatise *Ad Herennium*, must have contributed much not only to critical theory but to the practice of prose and verse. It will be remembered that Geoffrey of Vinsauf was quoted by Chaucer in *Troilus and Criseyde* and the *Nun's Priest's Tale*, and not without a touch of thoroughly Chaucerian ridicule. But the decline was, as the Professor shows, due largely to the foundation of universities like that of Paris (1170), indifferent to literature, in which logic was "strongly and permanently entrenched," and where the other main subjects were philosophy and natural science so far as they could be derived from Aristotle.

Still more attractive is the chapter on Grosseteste and Roger Bacon, two men unquestionably of the highest intellect, who, though devoting themselves mainly to other subjects, could not, however indirectly, touch on literature or anything else without throwing original light on it, though even now they regarded poetry as a form of logic. Here Professor Atkins quotes Bacon's famous saying, "Aristotle himself did not know everything." The ancients were fallible because they were the ancients. Nevertheless it was necessary to know precisely what the ancients said; the oldest texts of their works should, where possible, be discovered, and when discovered, accurately translated. Bacon, the determined enemy of slavery to ancient authorities, was yet the founder of textual criticism.

We thus enter the fourteenth century, and the age of Wiclif and Chaucer. Wiclif, dealing of course mainly with the art of preaching, will have none of the "pompous eloquence" which learned preachers both practised and defended. Wiclif declared that their devices obscured the essential teaching. The simpler the better. In demanding from his preachers a "nuda et apta" style of speech, Wiclif was indirectly demanding a similar style in prose generally.

The critical views of Chaucer, also, are rarely directly expressed; they have to be gathered from hints and, no less clearly, from his practice. That he was quite capable of laughing at a poet whom he yet unstintedly admired, the present writer long since perceived by noting his mentions of Dante and how he makes them. These among other signs show what a good critic he would have been if he had made a close study of the science; and it is pleasing to see that the Professor, who never overpraises, calls his contributions, though "lacking in both system and range, not altogether negligible." Like the comments of all great artists on their craft, they are always of value.

E. E. KELLETT

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THE TROUBLE ABOUT KENYA

Race and Politics in Kenya. A correspondence between ELSPETH HUXLEY and MARGERY PERHAM. With an introduction by Lord Lugard. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Soviet Light on the Colonies. By LEONARD BARNES. *Penguin Special.* 9*d.*

Mrs. Huxley and Miss Perham do not see eye to eye with each other over Kenya and its future. Meeting at a conference in 1941 they agreed to discuss the question at some convenient time, but, as they were unable to find such a time, they started in March, 1942, to carry on the discussion by correspondence. The shuttle of letters went on backwards and forwards between them until August, 1943; they are now published in a volume of nearly 250 war-time pages. They are of immense interest to the serious student of African problems, though they can hardly be recommended to the novice or the seeker for superficial knowledge, for they talk "about it and about" until the head of even the most hardened enquirer begins to swim a little. The amount which is written and spoken about Kenya probably exceeds in bulk or weight everything written and spoken about all the other British African colonies taken together. There is good reason for this, although it is not to be found in the essential nature of the colony, for in size, population, and wealth it is of secondary importance. The reason is, as everyone knows, that here embedded in several million Africans is a tiny enclave of a few thousand white settlers, and the devil's political broth created by this mixture is rendered still more virulently and violently unstable by the addition of about 40,000 immigrants from India. These white settlers have obtained a dominant economic and social position, and for the last 20 years and more they have also demanded a dominant political position. Formally their demand has been refused by the Imperial Government under the persistent impulse of a small band of Liberals, Labour people, and "humanitarians," though in practice, as Miss Perham shows, they exercise a very powerful influence upon the Kenya Government.

Here is the centre of the trouble about Kenya. It is the test case of British colonial policy towards backward peoples. The case is in itself a simple one. If responsible government is established in Kenya to-day, which means that complete political as well as economic control of three million Africans would be given to their few thousand white employers, then we make nonsense of our professions that there, and in the rest of our African possessions, we treat the interests of the native inhabitants as paramount and a "sacred trust", and that our primary political object is to educate them as rapidly as possible for self-government. Complete political control of Kenya by the white majority would inevitably entail the worst form of racial and economic exploitation of the Africans and their land by the settlers. To say this does not, as Mrs. Huxley continually alleges, imply that one thinks the settlers wicked or that one hates them; the settlers are no worse and no better than other people, but the system which they are trying to establish in Kenya would turn a choir of angels into a company of political and economic exploiters.

This and the "future" of Kenya are the subjects of the ladies' controversy. Roughly, Mrs. Huxley is on the side of the settlers, and Miss Perham on the side of the Africans. They try to reach some "agreement," which in effect would have to be a compromise, but they never really succeed. The fact is that this is a situation in which an honest compromise is impossible. Miss Perham has one advantage over Mrs. Huxley (though it also has the disadvantage for her of allowing a good many superficial debating points to be scored against her); she has nothing to conceal and puts all her cards upon the table. Her case is that our obligations to the Africans require that we can give no more political power to the settlers and that, as the Africans themselves will for a long time be incapable of self government, in the immediate future the status quo of Crown Colony government will have to be maintained. Mrs. Huxley talks vaguely of a "partnership" between settler and native, but, while in effect demanding more political power for the white man, she always goes off at a tangent when Miss Perham attempts to make her say exactly what she means or face the consequences of her demands.

If one reads Mr. Barnes's Penguin, one inevitably feels that in one sense neither lady states or faces the root of the Kenya problem. Mr. Barnes's book is in the form of an account of a journey through British Africa of a Soviet investigator and of his conversations with Mr. Barnes and various British residents in the colonies. It is a tremendous indictment of our colonial policy and the Soviet observer continually contrasts our crimes and failures with the success of the Soviet colonial system. The trouble in Kenya and the other British colonies is due, he maintains, entirely to the fact that our system is dominated by monopoly capitalism and oligarchy, while the Soviet system is democracy and socialism. Miss Perham, he would say, is doomed to negativism and stagnation, despite her good intentions, because she never really faces the crucial fact. The book is well worth reading as an antidote to the polite obscurantism which in the other is rather irritating. But Mr. Barnes also has his irritating side. His book is much too one-sided and Mr. Korolenko, the Bolshevik angel, is altogether too angelic and, like most angels, is a bit of a bore. His British interrogators are weak-kneed half-wits and one continually longs to be allowed to say a few words oneself. And just as one over and over again wants to ask Mrs. Huxley and even Miss Perham some questions about economics and the capitalist system, so one itches to ask Mr. Barnes and Mr. Korolenko some questions about politics and democracy.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE BIRTH OF A NEW WORLD

The Conquest of Siberia. By YURI SEMYONOV. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

Soviet and Tsarist Siberia. By GEORGE BORODIN. *Rich and Cowan.* 15*s.*

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COLLINS

rm of short biographies, some of which seem intimate to be accurate. But these men, who eight slow and brutal centuries edged the ntiers of Muscovy to the east, had lives that any case would read like chapters from some ntastic romance. In these strange and powerful tures, driven now by trade interests, now by rsonal ambition, or by the characteristic stlessness of the explorer, we see mirrored the anging pattern of Russian society, the shifts in litical power, and in Russia's relations with the tside world. They make a strange cavalcade scoundrels, heroes, merchants and outcasts, d Mr. Semyonov does full justice to their exotic cords. Here is Yermak, the Cossack hetman, io led one tiny expedition after another into the ilderness after his adventures by his native on had made him too unpopular with the Tsar; e Stroganov dynasty of merchants, richer than e Tsar and more influential in the territories the fringe of his imperial dominions; and men te Behring, Chelyushkin and Deshnev, who have ft their names on many distant capes and bays d rivers, men who in their time were snubbed nd ridiculed by the Moscow in whose interests ey worked and suffered.

Here, too, is more than one man who is emembered not as a map-maker, but for his umanity and vision in the effort to raise life from he margin of existence to the status of a co-perative and social effort. Such a man was oseph Haas, the German doctor who became esponsible for the administration of the Tsarist risons after 1828. One of those rare creatures ho sought to change the idea of human brother-ood from a dream to a reality, he devoted his life alleviating the suffering of the sad victims ondemned to end their days in the gloom of iberia. It is sufficient testimony to his work at after his death he was worshipped as a saint the poor of Moscow. Count Muravyev, governor eastern Siberia in the middle of the last century, as one of those who seem fated to search and earch for the fulfilment of a dream. He believed Siberia; he understood the drift of history that as turning it into one of the lands to which elongs the future. Often against the opposition his Tsar, he toiled to advance that dream. Mr. Semyonov tells a story—he does not say what authority—of a conversation between Muravyev and his nephew, the famous anarchist, akunin, which ended with the latter's judgment his uncle's labours:

> You have begun a tremendous work. Do you know what you have done? You have refined and humanised Siberia. . . . You have joined it to the ocean, it is no longer a desert cul-de-sac. . . . Oh, I have seen Siberia face to face, a blessed region, inexhaustible wealth, immeasurable untapped resources, a great future. Siberia, the land of the new!

Nearly a hundred years later, this vision of Bakunin's was coming true. It is of its fulfilment that Mr. Borodin has written in the major part of his book. He knew the old, backward Siberia. As a young White officer, he was with Kolchak as his beaten army was rolled back from the Urals in 1918. But he is not an embittered emigré. In 1937 he travelled through Siberia on his way to Moscow. He has, therefore, a background of personal experience against which he can test the changes of the last two decades. It is an exciting story of the tapping of Bakunin's "immeasurable resources"; of the building of great cities and industries, of the creation of a new society, not by the outcasts, but by the best and bravest of Russia. Hand in hand they have helped the backward peoples along the road to literacy, to mechanical technique, to the capacity for self-government. And always with one eye on the racing years. Plan and construct; to-morrow the blow may fall in either the East or the West. Plan and sacrifice: to-day we go without so that our children may have plenty. Plan and prepare: to-morrow there will be millions where we now count in thousands. It is a thrilling and moving story which does not lack the more sombre notes of tragedy in the midst of its song of triumph.

NORMAN MACKENZIE.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Symphony No. 5 in D major.* Hallé Orch., cond. Barbirolli (H.M.V. C3388–92).

SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 7.* St. Louis Symphony Orch., cond. Vladimir Golschmann (H.M.V. DB6167–9).

BERLIOZ: *Beatrice and Benedict Overture.* Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Basil Cameron (Col. DX1145).

COPLAND: *El Salon Mexico.* Boston Symphony Orch., cond. Koussevitsky (H.M.V. DB3812–3).

HANDEL-HALVORSEN: *Passacaglia from Harpsichord Suite. No. 7.* Heifetz and William Primrose (H.M.V. DB6170).

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata for Horn and Piano, op. 17.* Dennis Brain and Denis Matthews (Col. D.X. 1152-3).

DELIUS: *Third Violin Sonata.* Albert Sammons and Kathleen Long (Decca M557–9).

SCARLATTI: *Sonatas in C sharp minor and G major.* Kathleen Long (Decca M552).

DOHNANYI: *Capriccio in F minor*
POULENC: *Novelette in C major.* Moura Lympany (Decca M556).

BIZET: *Pastorale.*
GODARD: *Chanson d'Estelle.* Maggie Teyte (H.M.V. DA1840).

DEBUSSY: *Beau Soir* and *Romance.* Maggie Teyte (H.M.V. DA1838).

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *It is not the Wind.*
TCHAIKOVSKY: *The Nightingale.* Koslovsky (Decca M554).

FAURE: *Les Roses d'Ispahan* and *Aurore.* Sophie Wyss (Decca M553).

BRITTEN: *The Sally Gardens, Little Sir William, Oliver Cromwell.* Peter Pears, arr. Benjamin Britten (Decca M555).

"Where do you put your Brown Tree?" asked Sir George Beaumont of his friends the painters. The answer, of course, is that the trees are not always brown, even in pictures. The same may be said of a key in music. When is D major not D major? Answer: when the C sharp is consistently flattened. It is all very well for Dr. Vaughan Williams to point to the general scheme of keys throughout his *Fifth Symphony*, and above all perhaps to the Epilogue, in which the C is definitely lifted into its usual place; but the prevailing impression is of a tonality shifting between C and D and A. The flattened C sharp, besides causing this fascinating ambiguity, has the further effect of altering the felt relationship of the central key to those which come into more distant parts of the picture; and there are moments when even A is felt as a tonic rather than as a dominant. These features are doubtless all part of the design, which nevertheless proceeds from the figure which rocks to-and-fro on the flattened C sharp I have been talking about—a figure which opens the first movement and closes it in one of the composer's most beautiful and poetic images, as well as providing the transition from the *Passacaglia* to the Epilogue in the last movement. On the whole, this is a majestic and slow-moving symphony; like Beethoven, Vaughan Williams often prefers to give an impression of quickening tempo by merely diminishing the note-values, without altering the beat. The result in added massiveness is considerable.

Opinions on this symphony have varied greatly. I have heard some, whom I respect, say that it was "the mixture as before"—in other words the work of an old man who had written himself out. I do not feel this at all. Some artists—perhaps the greatest—continue to break new ground right up to the day of their death. Beethoven, Titian, Yeats, are of this

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order. Others achieve what they have been striving for—and then go on perfecting it, in work after work. To this kind belong Chopin, Debussy; poets like Valéry and novelists like Henry James. The classification is rough, but suffices, I think, to make the point that Vaughan Williams is saying in this his *Fifth Symphony*, more consummately—more *wisely*—what he began by saying in the Second and Third. (Why, incidentally, is the *Pastoral* still unrecorded?) The *Fourth Symphony*, magnificent and enduring as it is, does not seem to me to belong to the main line of the composer's work at all. I should not be surprised if future generations were to prize the "Pilgrim" above all the others. The recording and performance are in every way worthy of the music.

It is in his *Sixth Symphony* that Sibelius, like Vaughan Williams, experiments in the relations between C major and D minor. In the *Seventh* the tonality is again C and a good deal less ambiguous. I am never sure this is not the finest of modern symphonies: the present performance—which comes to us over here as something of a surprise—certainly favours the assumption. On paper it seemed as if H.M.V. must have been mistaken in preferring this recording to the one Beecham has just made with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Comparison proves them triumphantly right; this is one of the most tremendous performances I have ever heard. The tempi are exactly right, the tone is magnificent and not unduly harsh, the vigour and drive are most exciting. This is a set not to be missed on any account.

Berlioz's overture to *Beatrice and Benedict* can exactly be described as entrancing. The opera which follows it is patchy—what opera of Berlioz's is not? (don't say *Les Troyens*)—but the overture hasn't a dull page in it: the wit and charm are exquisite. The performance does not add anything to what we already knew, but it is adequate.

As a rule I detest the latest dig-in-the-ribs music of the kind to which *El Salon Mexico* belongs. But Aaron Copland, who seems to me one of the few considerable figures in American music to-day, has so much individuality and so fine a taste in orchestration that even this noisy piece of *genre* painting carries one with it. The exuberance and vulgarity are not a mere pastiche and the composer has seen and felt and digested an experience, and the result is clean-cut and curiously dignified. Needless to add that Koussevitsky's orchestra gives an edge to every phrase—an edge as keen and black as those of the shadows in Mexico.

The first of the chamber music sets on my list is by far the best. There is one variation (only one) in which Norwegian harmonies are imposed upon Handel, to unfortunate effect; but the *Passacaglia* is otherwise aptly arranged and the performance superb. It is tragic for us that we should have lost to America one of the world's finest viola players.

Only the conjunction of two such beautiful soloists as Dennis Brain and Denis Matthews can be considered sufficient reason for re-recording Beethoven's dull Op. 17. I can see no signs of the composer's genius here—nothing even especially characteristic. The sonata might be Clementi or even Steibelt. But this playing is a treat to listen to.

Delius's *Third Violin Sonata* was among his very last works—those dictated to Mr. Eric Fenby during the composer's final paralysis. It suffers from the spinelessness of all Delius's chamber music; but it has a few moments of pale ecstasy and the inevitable six-eight movement is less perfunctory than usual. The performance is not quite so good as might be expected; the violin being much too unvaryingly loud and the piano too self-effacing.

Miss Kathleen Long's Scarlatti is just right. I know purists dislike having this kind of music played on the piano, but few, I believe, could resist Miss Long's rendering of the scintillating *G major Sonata*. This is toccata playing of a fine order. Miss Moura Lympany, on the other hand, continues to skate about on the tops of the keys. This is disappointing, for there is an extremely good pianist hidden away in this second-class virtuoso. But only the best music will bring about a change. The Poulenc *Novelette* is pretty enough in its way but the Dohnanyi *Capriccio* is a dull, silly firework and simply not worth the trouble.

Of the four songs recorded by Maggie Teyte I prefer Bizet's delightful *Pastorale*. There are times—especially after listening to something by Godard—when one feels inclined to echo all Nietzsche's praise of Bizet. A genius of his *kind* is very rare. The Debussy songs are in his early, drawing-room manner, but are charming in their rather faded way. *Romance*, I may remind you, was recorded by Melba. I feel bound to point out that neither of these discs will stand comparison with those of Miss Teyte issued a couple of years ago.

Readers are strongly urged to buy the little Kozlovsky disc. This outstanding tenor, whose voice recalls that of that famous Smirnoff and is entirely Russian in character, records two little-known but most lovely songs. It is unfortunate that—as in so many Russian recordings—the piano appears to be a very old upright (one of those with silk fretwork in front) placed a very long way from the microphone. But the singing alone makes the record one not to be missed.

Two of Fauré's most radiant songs—less subtle, perhaps, than his very best, but none the less treasurable. Memories of Miss Maggie Teyte's singing of *Les Roses d'Ispahan* rather spoil one for Miss Wyss's less magical rendering; but it would be hypercritical to pretend that this is not a good record.

Beautiful, touching, amusing: such (in that order) are the three folk song arrangements by Benjamin Britten. If these be fair examples, by all means let us have more. The settings are an absolute model of what such things should be: the tunes are left to themselves and the harmonisation, instead of being a sort of luscious upholstery, follows simply and logically from the shape of the melody. Britten has added very little of his own, and that little is entirely consistent; the three-note phrases which comment on the successive verses of "The Sally Gardens" are a stroke of genius. Mr. Pears sings the songs with a tender expressiveness that is most attractive. A slight hollowness of tone in "The Sally Gardens" gives me the impression that the singer was a little too far from the microphone; but the fault is very slight and not observable in the other songs.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 748

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes for the best Week-End Competition. Entries should be received not later than June 12th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 745

Set by Sir Kenneth Clark

Many of us have had to write, and all of us have had to read, letters from Government Departments refusing the most harmless requests or forbidding the most natural actions with a perverse ingenuity worthy of theological controversy. The usual prizes are offered for letters giving the official objection to having a bath, travelling by Tube, holding hands, having babies, reading poetry, sitting in the sun.

Report by Sir Kenneth Clark

In setting this competition I had in mind the many thousands of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers who must spend their time in writing letters of this kind and might find some relief in parodying their art. In fact most of the entries were the work of professionals, and it was clear that the draft of a good Government refusal demands as nice a sense of form as the writing of a Petrarchian sonnet. Even the most gifted amateurs who in these columns parody

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ilton or translate Rimbaud with astonishing illiance allowed expressions to creep into their tters which no practised Civil Servant would have nployed and which stick out like false quantities. judging the entries, therefore, the first question s one of form, and on this ground I commend rtifex as a model. He also deserves high praise for e ingenuity of his objection, but he has one fault—s last paragraph is too clear. Here S. A. Cooper s achieved a masterpiece, for his language, though terly bewildering, somehow contrives to give one bad conscience. As a relief from the intellectual rain of these two highly professional entries I ommend L. E. J., who appears to have taken up the t only since the war, and so has a freer touch. His tter also has the advantage of being extremely nny. Many competitors strove for humour, but ound themselves faced by rather the same problem the dramatist who wishes to depict a bore in a medy: if he is accurate his bore is simply boring; he attempts to enliven him the humour is artificial. here were some good jokes, as, for example, the tter which was headed:

"Please quote: H.H.I.A./33(000)–44(a) Communications should not be addressed to any living person but to

THE SECRETARY."

All the entries so far quoted refer to Having Babies. would commend the Holding Hands of T. Naisby, ith its delirious series of misunderstandings, the itting in the Sun of L. H. Morris and W. A. Thorpe's Having a Bath in the high Treasury Style:

"3. With regard to (*b*), Their Lordships regard he having of a bath as possible notionally.

4. Ablutionary practices may nevertheless obtain. Covering sanction may be given. . . ."

There is a charming use of the most familiar of all Civil Service objections in Ian Graham's otherwise lightly imperfect letter on having babies:

"Since the majority of the female population of he country are not of child-bearing age, however, nd could not therefore benefit from any concession hich might be made it is considered that the only air and equitable basis of administration is to refuse ll applications for parturition licences.

"It is regretted that no exception can be made in our case, since, as you will appreciate if one applicaion were granted it would be impossible to justify he refusal of the numerous similar applications which re continuously being made."

Finally I note that S. A. Cooper shows his irtuosity by sending in an entry in German on the ubject of Baths, headed:

"Badewannenverwendungsverhinderungsabteilung" which proves that the ultimate horrors of bureaucratic style cannot be achieved by the English language.

I recommend that £2 2s. be given to S. A. Cooper, £1 1s. each to Artifex and L. E. J.

MINISTRY OF ANTICIPATORY ACTION
(Antigenic Branch)

Madam,

1. In acknowledging your recent application for a permit authorising you to undertake in collaboration with your husband the conception and/or subsequent production of an ancillary member of your household, I am to refer you to M.A.A. Circular B/44 (attached), from which it will be noted that it is the intention of H.M. Government to initiate at an unspecified future date certain preliminary investigations into the rise and fall of population.

2. It will further be noted that in view of the desirability of ensuring the elimination of any avoidable complicating factor such as that which would necessarily ensue from any continuance of the aforementioned rise, applications of this nature cannot in general be admitted.

3. Your particular attention is drawn to the fact that consideration other than in a negative sense is confined to cases where it can be satisfactorily shown that the domiciliary aggregate resultant from the utilisation of one or more of such permits over a period of three and three-quarter years (calculated from the twenty-first day of the month preceding that containing the Monday nearest to the date of application) would not be in excess of the number by which the difference between the domiciliary aggregates maintained by any two relatives of the categories named on the enclosed schedule would have exceeded the domiciliary aggregate of the applicant prior to application.

I am, Madam,
Your obedient Servant.
J. J. SPUGGS
p.p. Deputy Director of Obstructions
S. A. COOPER

MINISTRY OF HYGIENE AND MORAL WELFARE
Labour Control Department,

Madam,

It has come to the notice of the Department that you are about to have a child (or children). I am directed by the Minister to draw your attention to the provisions of the WOMEN (RESTRICTION ON NATIVITY) ORDER 1963 which specifically prohibits the bearing of a child (or children) except (*a*) with the consent of the Minister or a member of his executive staff, or (*b*) in the city of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The purpose of the Order, as doubtless you are aware, is to secure economy in the use of the green dye necessary for the coloration of the Child's Ration Book R.B.3. By virtue of the WOMEN (RESTRICTION ON NATIVITY) (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE RELAXATION) ORDER 1964, the provisions restricting the bearing of a child (or children) have been waived in the city of Newcastle-on-Tyne owing to the existence of a plentiful supply of Ration Books (R.B.3) in that area.

According to the information in the Department's possession, you have failed to obtain the required consent of the Minister, nor do you propose to bear your child (or children) in the city of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Unless, therefore, you desist from your alleged intention of bearing a child (or children) in contravention of the above-mentioned Order, the Minister will have no alternative but to withhold the issue of Ration Books, not only from your expected child (or children), but also from yourself.

I remain, Madam,
Your obedient Servant
I. Fullolove.
(for) Labour Controller.

ARTIFEX

May 20, 1946.

Dear Sir (or Madam),

Referring to your proposed parturition in October next, I am directed by the Minister to draw your attention to Sec. 7 (*b*) of the Military Service (Classes) Act, 1945:

"All male persons born in the second half of each calendar year shall be deemed to have been born in the first half of such year unless previous notice in writing has been given on or before the first day of May in such year."

and to Sec. 23 (*f*) of the Military Service (Amendment) Act of 1946:

"Provided always that nothing in these Acts shall oblige the Minister to deem anything which but for these Acts he would not have deemed."

The Minister is not prepared to implement the demption referred to, and in default of the required notice of the birth of a male person, you are requested, in the interests of military efficiency, either to bring forward the date of your proposed parturition (if in respect of a male person) to on or before June 30 or to postpone it to on or after Jan. 1, 1947.

I am to add that if the proposed parturition is in respect of a female, no objections are raised.

I am, etc.,
Yr. obedt. Servant J. Ackass.
L. E. J.

Company Meeting

ASSOCIATED PORTLAND CEMENT

THE Forty-fifth Ordinary General Meeting of the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd., was held on 30th May in London.

Sir P. Malcolm Stewart, Bt., O.B.E., Hon. LL.D., D.L. (Chairman and one of the Managing Directors), in the course of his speech, said: The profit of £1,662,395 is £20,903 more than the profit of 1942. The proposed final dividend is 7½ per cent., making a total for the year of 10 per cent. on the ordinary stock, which compares with 9 per cent. in the previous year. While there was a falling off in the tonnage of deliveries this proved less than expected; consequently the financial results obtained are more satisfactory than anticipated.

Last year I dealt with the attacks on monopolies, monopolistic control and big business, and stated these are mainly misdirected as they are in effect attacks on organisation. Those who have knowledge and take an impartial view of industry are, I believe, increasingly conscious that most big businesses are outstandingly efficient, and have led the way in setting the highest standards. The better Britain to which we look forward will not be built by impoverishing or cramping efficient industrial companies operating on a large scale and thus undermining a massive portion of the foundations of our prosperity.

The Report was adopted.

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